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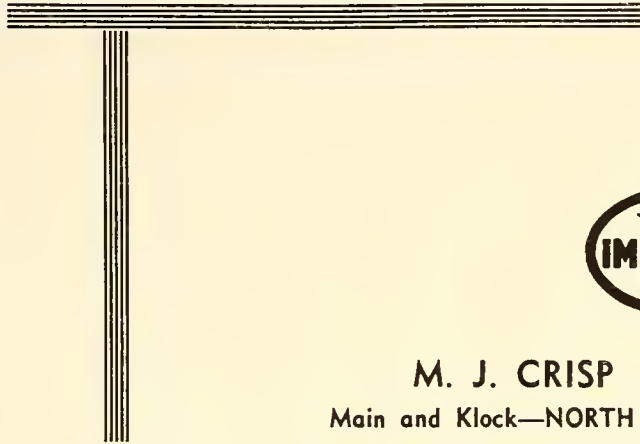


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NORTHLAND ECHO



VOL. XVIII
NORTH BAY
1941

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Dedication

In grateful appreciation for his services and devotion to our school, the Magazine Staff humbly dedicate this issue of the Northland Echo to our late Shop Director Mr. James L. Cleland. James Leiper Cleland was born at Carluke, Scotland, in the year 1892. After receiving a sound Public and Secondary school training at Wishaw, Scotland, he attended the Glasgow Technical School where he distinguished himself as a scholar of high order. An indentured apprenticeship at Coltness Engineering Company, Newmains, completed a broad and sound general education. In 1912 he left his native land for a position with the Ford-Smith Machine Company of Hamilton, Ontario. Promotions earned him the distinction of representative of the Firm in the British Isles from 1914-15. He accepted a position as head of the experimental department of Canadian Airplanes Limited in 1916. During the first World War he resigned his position to serve as Technical Officer in the Royal Air Force, at a time when his knowledge and skill were sorely needed. After the War he entered the teaching profession and continued as teacher until his untimely death.

James Cleland was a sportsman, keenly interested in curling, fishing, hunting, bowling, and boating. Many will remember him as an active lodge member who never wearied of well-doing. And we of N. B. C. I. & V. S. pay tribute to his memory as a teacher, friend, and counsellor.

—H. W. WILLIAMS



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 Seated—Lorna Spratt, George Cummings, Marian Alford, Reg. McCambley, Wilma Cliff, Carl Weegar, Eleanor Rennick.

EDITORIAL

It seems significant, that in a world at war, the United States and Canada should be drawn closer than ever together—like old friends in time of need. There is none of the bitter and suspicious distrust, none of the unfriendly rivalry, so common in Europe, existing between us and our great neighbour to the south. No greater evidence of our essential kinship may be found than the establishment of a Joint Defence Committee at Ogdensburg, to ensure the effective defence and protection of our continent in the event of a hostile attack. This truly great step, on the part of our two nations, demonstrates to those who would sow disunity in our midst that we are, despite the vicissitudes of history, still one people, various in faiths and races, perhaps, but basically united. For this reason alone, it seemed to us eminently fitting that, for the first time in the history of our magazine, we should exchange copies of our yearbook with some of the schools south of the border. We hope that the pages of our book will help to communicate to you, our neighbours and friends, something of the life of an average student community in Canada.

★ ★ ★

Special mention must here be made in recognition of the invaluable services rendered by the various school organizations interested in contributing to the National War Effort. We congratulate particularly The Soldiers' Overseas Committee for their work in sending boxes

to ex-students now in the Canadian Army, the Junior and Senior Red Cross, for their assistance to the Local Red Cross Branch, the Marionette Club, the Camera Clubs, and all the students who are willing and able to invest in War Savings Stamps and Certificates.

★ ★ ★

We want everyone who contributed in any way to the success of this year's publication, to know that we sincerely appreciate their efforts . . . the Form Representatives, the Editorial, Business and Art Staffs, Miss Walker, Miss Macnamara, Mr. McCann, Mr. Dewar and all those who did special work for the magazine.

And above all, remember that without the support of our advertisers, ninety-five in all, we could not publish this record of the year's school activities . . . So please give them your patronage as much as possible.

★ ★ ★

We sincerely regret that two of our ex-students, Dick Milne and John Quinlan lost their lives in the service of their country. The school is proud of all those ex-students who are giving so unselfishly of their energies and talents to serve their country in whatever way they see fit.

And now, on with the magazine. We know that you're going to enjoy its pages.

Marion Alford.

VALEDICTORY

MARIAN ALFORD, GRADE 13

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I was asked to voice the farewell of this year's graduating class, I was doubtful whether I should recall some of the many humorous incidents which have interspersed our school life, or whether I should dwell for these few moments on the thoughts which lay dormant in our minds until we found ourselves on the verge of graduation.

Now we realize more vividly that we have reached another milestone. Although, as we have approached the day of graduation, we have relived the past few years at times, tonight we are again looking forward. We know that this milestone does not mark the final stage in our quest for knowledge yet it marks an important stage. From now on we shall learn through personal experience what we have been taught through the related experiences of others.

It is difficult to voice, in this hour of mingled feelings, the thoughts which crowd in upon the mind of the graduate, affecting his or her attitude toward graduation, and to present in a

few moments the sum of our meditations. The words "Thank you" are inadequate with which to express our indebtedness to Principal Wallace and his staff of teachers—let us call them our friends. They understand the sentiment which we are unable to express. To-night they are looking beyond those words of gratitude in thought, and in hope, that one day we will ultimately win through, and establish for others in this day of struggle a memorial of our gratitude which would reflect honour upon our name and upon this school of which we form a part. We may have thought that in a short time we would have done with this school, but tonight we know that we are a part of this school for as long as we live. For in this Institute of learning we have been taught, from year to year, to rise to higher levels of thought, and to build now so that we will be prepared to take our place in a progressive world, that one day we will arrive at the goal of all our labours—a good name.

We review in thought, not without emotion the years we have spent here. They are a fact, and cannot be looked at through the coloured glasses with which we may view our future. Yes, the years we have spent here are what we ourselves have made them. True, we cannot plead for ourselves a nearly perfect response to our opportunities; but allow us, while admitting of imperfection, to dwell in grateful retrospect and grant us a little pride in having a diploma as evidence that we have aspired towards an ideal.

We are emerging from a field of preparation in mind and in body in many phases of work and play, into a field of action, and we hope that the confidence which this school has placed in us will never be betrayed. We do not know what the future holds for us, but the world today tells us that the road winds uphill all the way. We wish to play our part as Canadians in an Empire, whose contribution to the welfare of mankind must be an inspiration and a challenge to us all. We hope that we will be worthy of the citizenship which is the heritage of every Canadian. Several of our fellow students have already shown their pride in this heritage by enlisting with the army, navy, or air-force, and have found their bodies better fitted and their minds keener for the part they have to play, because of their preparation here. Many of the boys have already distinguished themselves overseas, while a vast number are

busily completing their training in Canada, anticipating the day when they may strike their blow for a democracy they have been taught to value.

One of the careers we are following most closely is that of Major Troy who, as one of the most popular teachers in the North Bay Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, left his lengthy and loyal following in North Bay to serve us in an even greater capacity. We pause a moment, remembering yet another of our teachers, Mr. Cleland, who passed away this summer. We extend our deepest sympathies to his wife and daughter.

And now, we say to you students who are entering this school—Be worthy of your privileges here as you "Learn to Live". It will be your task, as it is ours, to remove from our world cruel wars between nations and to promote a better understanding among all men. Tonight, we of the graduation class take leave of this school, but before we go, let us again refresh your memories with those grand words which our King quoted in his Christmas message of 1939 and which are a clarion call to us as we stand on the threshold of a New Year:

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year—Give me a light, that I may tread safely into the unknown. And he replied—Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God—That shall be to you better than light and safer than the known way".

ARTICLES

TCHAIKOWSKY

J. ROSBOROUGH

This is the story of a man whom it is said, no one understood, not even he himself. Yet in him, on the one hand, we find a great master of music, on the other, in his life story a tragic struggle, almost futile, against his own moral weaknesses and against poverty. Since all great music represents something of its composer's personality, we must know something about this man's life to understand his music.

Peter Ilitch Tchaikowsky was born on the 7th May one hundred years ago, at Kamsko Votinsk, Province of Viatka, Russia. During his youth he received the customary piano training of middle-class children. Most of his time was, however, spent in the study of law. "Do not make Peter's career music," said his teacher one day. "Frankly, I have no faith in his gift for music." When Peter reached the age of twenty-three, the eminent Russian Pianist and Composer, Anton Rubinstein, remarked that in spite of the fact that Peter was careless, he did display certain talent in his exercises.

From that day his course was set. Tchaikowsky was to be a composer. After holding a government clerkship for four years, Peter resolved to give this up and devote all his time to music, regardless of the poverty he might endure. In 1863 he became Professor of Harmony in the Moscow Conservatory. In spite of the title, his income was quite small. This post did, however, give him opportunities to meet the established musicians and to make friendships which later greatly helped him in promoting his works.

Because of his duties at the conservatory, Tchaikowsky could spare little time for composition. His First Symphony, as well as several religious anthems, were written at night. The resultant physical and mental strain caused him to suffer a nervous breakdown which afflicted him so seriously that he was unable to conduct an orchestra for ten years.

Tchaikowsky, despite the grudging praise of doubting contemporaries, soon acquired a reputation as a composer. His first opera, Eugene Oniegin, although disliked at first, later became well known and properly appreciated. Un-

doubtedly Tchaikowsky had made an impression that would remain.

An account of what some call a romance, and what others refer to, simply as an intimate friendship, now consumed part of Tchaikowsky's time. Although Nadedja Von Meck, a rich, cultured widow, never once spoke to Tchaikowsky, and saw him only once as a spectator at one of his concerts, she came to be an admirer of his works and persuaded him to accept, as an act of friendship, an allowance of \$2400.00 a year so that he might devote all his time to composition. She even allowed him the use of her usually unoccupied villa. So regular was their correspondence, that these records now serve as a biography of Tchaikowsky's life. During Tchaikowsky's period of friendship with Madam Von Meck, his life was relatively happy. He was then freer than he had ever been to travel and compose. In March, 1884 he was received and honoured by the Tsar on the completion of his Fiftieth Composition. Four years later he was granted a pension of \$1500. a year for life. In 1891, on a tour of America, he conducted concerts in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

Tchaikowsky finished his Sixth Symphony, called the Pathétique, shortly before he died on November 6, 1893. Many believe that this was intended to be a farewell to life. An attack of cholera, caused by infected water, killed him in three days.

Many of his melodies, if not his symphonies are familiar to the average radio listener. Those who are familiar with the Waltz of the Flowers, or the Third Movement of the Fifth Symphony know that they are waltzes which equal anything from the pen of Strauss. The main themes of his justly famous "Romeo and Juliet Overture", of the Fifth Symphony and of "Andante Cantabile" are well known as the popular selections, "Our Love," "Moon Love" and the "Isle of May."

"ANSCHLUSS . . ."

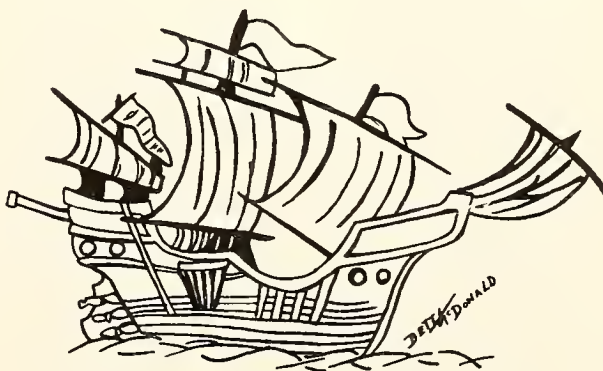
Have you ever been in the woods at night, listening, while a dog howled far away, to the sound of a branch cracking somewhere in the pitch blackness around you? Just think what those sounds might have meant to you if they could have been the deep bay of a blood-hound and the heavy step of an S.S. Man. Then you will have some idea of my feelings as I stood in the darkness one night trying to find my way to the frontier from Austria—now a province of the "Greater Reich". In front of me, somewhere, was Switzerland, the symbol of freedom and light; behind me might have been an S.S. man, machine pistol in hand, and a blood-hound . . . But I reached the frontier unharmed. Unharmed, I say, but there are things engraved in my memory which I can never forget.

Six months had passed since Austria had been "peaceably" occupied by the Germany Army: six months of terror and everlasting fright for those of my race regardless of their political beliefs, their educational attainments or their value to the world. There was no possible legal way of escape from this living nightmare. We had to steal away if we intended to leave the country. Austrian passports were declared valueless without certain stamps and signatures which might take months to get—if they could be obtained at all.

Press reports about the conditions do not even approximate the actual facts. Cold blooded murder is a daily fact in the country which Germany chose to "liberate". Money, position, ideas, home, all lose their old values. One doesn't care any more. To save one's life is the only thought. Even the living envy the dead in a country once reputed to hold the happiest of peoples. Body and mind are tortured in ways of which it is impossible to give account. No one should be surprised if hundreds, thousands flock to the frontier and possible freedom. Some make it safely; others fail . . .

Believe me, I was happy to make good my escape from a country that has become a prison to many; happy to be able to come to a country, a city, a school where—at least—there is sanity and decency. Here in North Bay I have found almost everyone helpful and understanding. To adjust oneself to new customs and new ways of thinking is very hard. The greatest help can come only from those with whom one lives and works and laughs. I hope that all of those who have shown kindness towards me, will have the opportunity of preserving these qualities all their lives: kindness, consideration, understanding. I know what these can mean because I have seen with my own eyes the worst that human cruelty can do. Let no one take the things you have away from you. Remember that what happened over there must not happen anywhere, ever again.

LEO. LAZAROWITSCH.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN EAST END LONDON

It was Christmas eve in London, but such a different London all scarred and torn by the German air-raiders, who come each night, in moonlight or darkness. The guns roar and the bombs fall but all this cannot dampen the spirit of the British people.

In the east end of London in a small tenement house live the Miller family, Mother, Dad, Maggie, and George. The house is all in darkness but as we enter the front door merry laughter reaches our ears. The family is engaged in decorating a small scrawny tree set in one corner of the dimly lighted room.

Suddenly Maggie very seriously turns to her Mother saying,

"Oh Mom what if those nasty Germans keep St. Nick from visiting us to-night?"

"Tosh my child the R.A.F. will clear the way for him to-night."

"I'll say they will," says George indignantly as he hangs his stocking upon the mantel.

At that moment the wailing cry of a siren is heard throughout the district giving its old familiar warning.

"Come children," says Mr. Miller very calmly. "We'll finish this later on."

Tearfully Maggie and George follow their parents to the shelter at the end of the block where people from the neighbouring houses gather.

"Pity they couldn't leave a body alone one night," says a fat man waddling down the steps with his load of blankets.

"Cheer up Buddy," replies another. "By this time next year we'll have 'em wiped right off the map."

In the centre of the low room is a small charcoal stove which provides heat for the shelter. Around this are bunks and benches, and the Miller family take their accustomed places.

George hauls out a grimy comic strip and begins to read aloud to Maggie. Most of the women are knitting while the men discuss affairs of the war. The children can't seem to settle down as they wonder if Santa Claus will pay them a visit. A white-haired old lady says.

"Come everyone, sing Christmas carols while I prepare a pot o' tea."

This suggestion is accepted by everyone and soon the shelter is filled with the familiar strains of "Silent Night."

"There goes the all clear," calls the A.R.P. warden.

Mr. Miller rises saying,

"I'll toddle on ahead, Flossie; you bring the children."

His voice sounds happy but his heart is heavy as he wonders if his house is the target

to-night. No, there it stands unharmed. When the children burst in the door, they are overjoyed to find their stockings bulging with candy, fruit and nuts.

"Hoorah, St. Nick fooled Hitler's airmen. He must have magic reindeer," says George.

The parents smile happily at one another above the heads of their children.

GWEN DARLING

IN DEFENCE OF LAZINESS

FRED WEST FORM IVA

I have finally taken on myself the duty of writing in defence of laziness and then I expect to relax and with my views in the hands of the world to spend the rest of my life being lazy. Yes, I am going to write a long, long story in its defence although to tell the truth I feel too lazy to defend it.

No doubt you have sat in the woods on a Sunday and listened to the birds chirping and the leaves rustling. If so you understand how I feel, as though I were a part of all that, the rustling leaves, the swaying trees, the slow drowsy sun creeping across a feather bed sky, the slow drowsy, slow drowsy, drowsy (yawn) ZZZZZZ.

Ouch, darn that bee.

Oh yes, my story. I must have dozed off. I was talking about the sun, was I not? and how I resembled it drifting across the sky. Now if you have my point of view I will give you some facts.

Why do people hurry all the time? The business men are always hurrying to eat breakfast and catch the bus and consequently most of them die of acute indigestion. I want to ask you another question and please answer it truthfully. Have you ever seen an unhappy lazy person? Undoubtedly the answer is no, but you will find many unhappy hard-working people.

Lazy people have very pleasant natures. They never want to argue and are usually very generous. They never have rings under their eyes from lack of sleep. If all people were lazy there wouldn't be any wars because nobody would want to fight.

The trouble with some people is they have never really been lazy and don't know how it feels or I am sure they would never work again. Of course some have taken vacations but although their bodies rested, their minds were always busy figuring out how they could make more money.

There will always be however, a majority of people who were just born to work and who like it. They will keep business and war going. But as for lazy people they should just leave us alone and then everyone would be happy.

Maybe my point would be better illustrated if I referred to the animal, cats for instance. They never work, sleep whenever they feel like it, go where they please, and are most contented when they have a soft shady spot to lie in. Why can't everyone be as careful as the cat?

By lazy people I do not refer to loafers who never work, but to people who do not go out of their way to do it and who sleep whenever possible.

Now that I have finished my task I think I'll go to sleep. I'm exhausted. Good-night. ZZZZZZ.

HITCHHIKING BY A HITCHHIKER— MALE

J. ROSBOROUGH

A cheerful "How far are you going?—Well, Jump in," is not always the prelude to a long, comfortable ride in a new Dodge. Indeed, it is often difficult to find a car-driver who will pick up a hiker at all, cheerfully or otherwise.

To be a hitchhiker, one must be a hustler. Finding one's self a convenient post at the side of a busy highway, beneath a tree that carelessly shields him from a hot sun, will not assure a hiker success. I have always thought, that to refuse a ride is to invite bad luck, while to stand in one place is nothing short of shiftlessness.

Although many think there is nothing to the art, I am convinced that all the luck or disappointment encountered by a hiker can be traced to some definite cause. Above all, a hiker must have his face clean and hair combed. Educated men, or at least friends of humanity, do not judge a man by his clothing, for while his pants may be ragged and his shoes hardly capable of bearing that name, yet in his face they may read his record. Hikers should always remember that their prospective chauffeur has only a moment in which to judge whether they are fit company or not. During the instant when a driver observes the hiker's face, the latter should be sure that it discloses no sign of anxiety or envy. The rascal who waves his hand furiously and curses just as furiously when the car has passed, is the most undesirable of companions. If engaged in conversation, he is found to be just as unreasonable.

Don't be afraid of spending a night on the road. It does no harm. Even a drizzling cold rain has certain aspects of beauty. It is a sad fact, however, that he who can appreciate the intrinsic value of such weather is usually an accomplished hitchhiker. On the other hand, if a hiker does fear the possibility of being left between towns—and I would sooner be left there than in a place where desirable sleeping-quarters are beyond my pocket-book, — he should not try persistently to get a ride. About one hour before the sun sets, a hiker should

consider his surroundings. After locating a place to spend the night, he may return to the roadside and solicit a ride until dark. While hikers nearly always blame their misfortunes on bad luck, they should bear in mind that "the fox condemns the trap rather than himself."

To study fellow hikers is not the only interesting pastime in which a hiker may indulge. Few realize how many different personalities there are, until they meet people on the road. Very pleasant conversations can arise between hitchhikers and their benefactors. There is almost a 50% chance of this occurring, for one who will share his car with another is generally the sociable type. If, therefore, the hiker is intelligent, there is little reason why a bright conversation should not ensue. The hiker must not, however, insist that his benefactor is wrong. It is always easy to judge whether a conversationalist agrees or not. The rest does not matter. I have ridden with a business executive who declared regretfully that Canada would never develop unless Hitler sent an envoy to show us how. I talked with farmers who simply had to confess that they could not understand why I would not work on their farms from dawn until dusk for \$10.00 or perhaps \$15.00 a month, plus board and lodging.

Among the best friends of hitchhikers are the travelling salesmen, who seldom refuse to pick up anyone, because they have learned the value of fellowship. There are rare occasions when a "lady" will allow her husband to give a ride. Under the circumstances the "ladies" probably feel it is a splendid opportunity to impress their husbands with female defencelessness. I say this because I have frequently known two women to share their car with a hiker.

So, dear reader, if you are young in mind and, have a yearning for adventure, but lack the material benefits, try taking to the road, "thumbs up".

HITCHHIKING—THE DISTAFF SIDE

EILEEN GALL

When you are ten or eleven you haven't money to take you swimming every day. In our case it wouldn't have done any good if we had had it because there were no bus or street-car lines running to the place we went swimming. Because we were too young to drive a car ourselves, we had to depend on some kind stranger to give us a lift. Besides these reasons, my friends and I found it fun to hitchhike.

I suppose we looked rather odd, three little girls standing on the highway with our thumbs out. Maybe that is why we had no difficulty in obtaining rides. People are kind to children we found, for we never had to stand on the highway for more than half an hour before a

car would stop. We would hop in and away we would go to our favourite swimming-hole.

One day a shiny new coupe drew up to the curb and an old man stuck his head out of the window and told us to hop in. We didn't wait to be asked a second time. The three of us piled into the seat with him.

As soon as we were in the car the man said to us.

"Aren't you little girls afraid to be riding in a stranger's car?"

We hadn't thought of being frightened before but he talked with an accent none of us were accustomed to and he watched us so solemnly through thick glasses that we felt tiny shivers darting up and down our backs. He talked to us all the way to the swimming-hole. It was the usual thing.

"How old were we? What class were we in at school? Could we swim?" Everyone who picked us up asked those questions. But this old man's asking them with his odd accent frightened us. We were greatly relieved when we reached the lake. With a polite thank you we dashed away.

It is often said that children are a good judge of older people but we were certainly wrong in this old man's case. The next day he came along again. He stopped and picked us up. He had a cottage near the place where we swam and he never failed to take us swimming whenever he was going to the cottage.

There were other people whom we liked at once. There was the jolly American woman who made us sing all the way home and told us to help ourselves to her chocolates. Then there was the minister who made us feel self-conscious by lecturing us on hitchhiking all the way to our destination but when he reached it he told us with a twinkle in his eye he would take us out again the next day at the same time.

That summer we had more fun hitchhiking than we did swimming.

NOSES

BETTY HOLMES
IV A

Nothing is more interesting than studying people's characters by examining their noses. There are red, white, and black noses, thin pinched noses, turned-up or pug noses, broad flattened noses, sharp pointed noses, hooked thin noses, and short straight noses. These are a few of the clearly defined types. There are many which are half in one class and half in another; thus we reason that the possessor's character is also composed of a mixture of traits.

I'm sure everyone is acquainted with at least one red-nosed person. They are fun, aren't they? Of course, we all know that they imbibe too frequently but they are so friendly and jolly.

They don't realize when they are trying to be witty that we are laughing at rather than with them.

Certainly black noses have their own characteristics. Anyone who has ever seen a Negro has surely remarked, "Look at his nose!" They are so broad and flat and such a shiny black. Ugly as we think these noses are we sometimes almost envy their owners. They have such marvellous singing voices. This is a result of their wide flaring nostrils which allow for such vibration and produce the ringing resonant tones of the Negro spiritualist.

Who has not known a vivacious, freckle-nosed youngster. He may be the paper-boy or perhaps one of your favourite cousins. At any rate you can't resist him. His presence livens your outlook and makes you more cheerful. He is so attractive, vagabondish, cheerful, and contented. Nothing can ruffle his happy exterior.

What of the shapes of noses? What characteristics do they imply?

Any person is proud to own a Grecian nose. Their pleasure in its straight classical length is justified. You may be sure these people have a firm, steady character. They delight in the arts and all forms of culture yet at the same time they are practical and level-headed.

You may not enjoy the companionship of a Roman or eagle-nosed person quite as much as you would that of a Grecian nosed one. You cannot be friendly and intimate with them. They are haughty and proud and quick to put you in your place if they think you are presuming on them. Yet in spite of this their feelings are very easily hurt but they never show their emotions. You cannot be sure of them as friends for you never know what they are thinking.

Assuredly you do not like the thin pinched nose person. "Why, he pinches every penny until it squeaks," you say. And it is true. Economy carried to the furthest extreme is an inherent part of his make-up. To express it in modern dialect 'he gets in your hair!'

Ah! but what of people with turned-up noses? Do you like them? Of course you do. You just can't help it. They are so happy-go-lucky and carefree. They are generally gay, impudent, captivating Irishmen.

The owner of the broad, flat nose with flaring nostrils may not impress you so favourably. Oh no, it is not always Negroes who have this shape of nose. Many of our own race possess it. They anger you with their desire to lead. If they were capable of leadership it would be a different matter but usually they are stupid and lacking in personality. Once given the opportunity they exhibit their innate dominance and cruelty.

The owners of the short, straight, patrician noses—well, we are indifferent to these people. There is nothing spectacular about them. Their



code of morals is average and they fear extremes of any kind. On the whole they are quiet, shy and harmless.

We definitely don't like the owners of the short, sharp, pointed noses. Snobbishness in them is quite apparent. As close friends they are complete failures since they are selfish, inconsiderate and spoiled. They get their deserts however, in that they are not popular and are liked only by other people of their own type.

Although we hate to admit it we rather fear the thin crooked-nosed people. They can be so sarcastic when they choose and yet they are to be pitied. Their outlook is so cynical and bitter. Once their hard outer shell is penetrated you find real companionship in them but then few people bother to crack their hard veneer.

Yes, there are exceptions to all these different classes but are there not always exceptions? They do not detract from the truth of the rule in any way.

OF OTHER DAYS

LAURIER RIBOUT

The last rays of the setting sun linger on the Cairn, which the people of Mattawa erected in remembrance of the heroic voyageurs and explorers of the Ottawa, the Mattawa and the West. To the minds of many, I imagine, the four centuries which have passed since Cartier first came and named Canada, seem but a mere shadow fleeting on the dial of by-gone years, an epoch of little interest; but as I gaze on this simple memorial with its bronze plaque in French and English, I see once more a Champlain, skirting the waters of the beautiful Ottawa and Mattawa rivers with a band of primitive, wolf-eyed, and silent Indians in their light but strong canoes. I see the Jesuits preaching to and vainly attempting to civilize the savage Hurons. I see under the arches of the virgin forests, over miles of lakes, rivers, deserts and plains, the conflicts between France and England for the possession of America. I see again those explorers who left the comforts of Old France, crossed the perilous Atlantic, and founded Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa; I see, too, the hardy voyageurs and coureurs-de-bois pushing their explorations farther and farther westward, sowing the seeds of civilization on the banks of rivers as they went, in order to establish a commercial route between Montreal and the Great Lakes.

On the spot where the Cairn is built I visualize Champlain stopping to rest. Here also I see the Missionaries wondering whether to turn back or keep on amidst the hardships and privations of the forest. Yet on they go, up the Mattawa River to Lake Nipissing, through the French River to Georgian Bay where the cruel fate of martyrdom awaits them.

DESTROYERS FOR BASES

A. REPOL, XI B VOC.

The idea of sending U. S. destroyers to Britain was only a rumor until on September 3rd, with great suddenness, it became a reality, the most important factor in the vast U. S. rearmament program. The U. S. has acquired at one bold stroke, in exchange for fifty destroyers, a ninety-nine year lease for U. S. naval and air bases on eight British-owned islands, or island groups from Newfoundland to British Guiana. So enormously will these bases strengthen America's Atlantic defences, so vast are the possibilities now opened up to America to become dominant in both great oceans, that hardly anyone disputes the value of this transfer.

To the U. S. Navy the loss of these overaged and outmoded little warships was chiefly important as diminishing by 50 the number of ships available for training its younger officers. To Britain these warships were godsent.

Britain started with one hundred and eighty-five destroyers, lost 32 by torpedoes, shell fire and bombs and is frantically building new ones. Many have been completed and sent into action since the war began, but all these are by no means enough to run the war at sea. The fifty American destroyers may well turn the tide of battle and sink so many German boats, guns, tanks and soldiers that Hitler will call quits. These destroyers cut down the possibilities of any attack on the U. S. and they will do it far from the shores of the U. S. where wars are best won.

The acquisition of new Atlantic bases in return for destroyers was a brilliant bargain for the U. S. They put that country in a far stronger Atlantic position and create a whole new strategic picture.

Since the U. S. have no advance bases such as they have in the Pacific they were forced to rely on shore bases in the Atlantic. Since the development of long range aviation, advance bases are needed to assure vital centres against attack and to prevent a hostile power from establishing itself near their shores.

Essential qualities of a naval base as stated by Admiral Mahan are first, position, second, strength and third resources. These are also the qualities of an air base. How does each base planned, measure up to these standards?

Newfoundland is an ideal base for patrol of the North Atlantic and is shrouded by heavy fog. An ideal arrangement would be an advance fleet base on the south coast with Halifax as a main base. The best spot for an air base would be near Botwood where fog is light. A watch could also be kept on the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon on the south shore of Newfoundland.

Bermuda is suited for an advance base for both fleet and aircraft. Heavy cruisers can enter Hamilton Harbour, although coral reefs and narrow channels make it impossible for a hostile fleet to besiege the harbour. Naval bases can be had in the north or south coasts of the island.

The Bahamas cover the approaches of the Straits of Florida and the entrance to the Caribbean. They have no good harbours, but with 3077 small islands and rocks stretching 630 miles they offer countless safe anchorages where enemy seaplanes, tenders and submarines might lurk. To counteract this danger large bases are not needed, but a series of small airfields and storage depots and a continuous patrol to protect this area from hostile forces.

All bases in the Windward and Leeward islands are logically small bases with Trinidad as a main base. British Guiana has no good harbours and would be useful only as a small air base.

Jamaica has ample resources and could be used for any kind of a base and would be useful chiefly as a base for air patrol of the Caribbean.

Trinidad has large resources of oil, food and labour, and has plenty of open territory and therefore would be suitable for an Army Bomber Base. Trinidad is logically the southern anchorage of the U. S. Defence plan, unless she also obtains a base in Brazil.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

(EZIO CAPPADOCIA)

For the first time in the history of the United States a President has been re-elected for a third term. This shattering of an old American tradition is chiefly due to the personality and leadership of President Roosevelt.

Born of Dutch ancestry, near the city of New York, Mr. Roosevelt has been in the public eyes of the Americans since his youth. Both his father's family and his mother's are among the oldest in the colony of New York. He is therefore a member of the American landed aristocracy. For his education Mr. Roosevelt attended the distinguished American schools of Groton, Harvard and Columbia where he was an average student, not too brilliant.

With the Rooseveltian family tradition and background, he began his political career. In 1912 he was elected to the New York Senate; in 1915 he was appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Navy by Woodrow Wilson; in 1920 he was the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. His party was defeated and he temporarily retired from politics. It was during this brief interval that he suffered an attack of infantile paralysis. After many months of suffering he finally conquered the disease although even now he must have some one to lean on and must use a cane for support.

He began to prepare for his political future during convalescence, by studying economics and political science. In 1928 he returned to politics and was elected for the governorship of New York during the notorious administration of Jimmy Walker. The governorship of New York led him to the presidential nomination in 1932.

During his first two terms of office the world witnessed the rise of a three-headed militant dictatorship in Europe. The people throughout the world have been the helpless spectators of a feverish armament race which has culminated in the outbreak of a war, and the present—and we hope, temporary—overlordship of Nazi Germany in Continental Europe.

In the early 1930's, while Europe was speculating and dreading the possibility of war, the new president was embarking upon a liberal domestic policy. It was his purpose to remove from the hearts of the people the fear of economic bankruptcy. At that time banks were closing and the citizens' investments were no longer secure. Unemployment was increasing, social unrest growing. The people cast meaningful glances towards Wall Street.

To check this flight towards catastrophe, Mr. Roosevelt embarked upon the New Deal in order to overcome the great economic crisis which had occurred at the end of 1929. To safeguard deposits he ordered a bank holiday and a gold embargo. To help the farmers the Agricultural Adjustment Act was passed. To remove the young unemployed off the highways and freight trains Mr. Roosevelt provided the Civilian Conservation Corps and Federal-State Transient camps. The Public Works Administration, and the Works Progress Administration were created to employ the workers of the nation and stimulate economic activity. Overnight, 4,000,000 men were employed. Far from being perfect, those measures have been abused by irresponsible individuals. But no one can seriously question their necessity. Yet they have been bitterly attacked from many quarters.

Most of the opposition to these measures came from Wall Street's financial interests. These persons did all in their power to prevent a leader like Roosevelt from rescuing a nation still bound to the rock of depression by the chains of economic serfdom which they themselves had forged. They opposed him in 1932, 1936, and again in 1940—in vain.

These Wall Street attempts to defeat Mr. Roosevelt were thwarted only by the unanimous support which the workers gave him. It is to these people to whom the President owes his re-election in 1936 and in 1940. They supported him because it was he who by means of the Wagner Act, the National Labour Relations Board and the Social Security Act allowed them to organize and form powerful Trade Unions.

The achievements of better standards of labour in Mr. Roosevelt's Administration are greater than those in any previous administration.

This has been accomplished despite Henry Ford's baronial independence, and continuous bitter attacks against all labour organizations. In 1936 although many of the lower class realized that the New Deal was imperfect, and that it had not achieved what they had expected, they felt that they had a friend in the White House and one who was at least trying to help them. They demonstrated their appreciation by supporting him for re-election.

Throughout the democratic world Mr. Roosevelt is better known for his foreign policy than for his domestic one. To Canadians he is a friend. His "Good Neighbour" policy with us, and the Pan Americanism directed towards Latin America, is one of the greatest achievements of his career. It has always been his goal to have North and South American solidarity in the face of a hostile world. His assurance at Kingston that the American people "would not stand idly by if Canadian soil is threatened" by any other Empire was received with the greatest possible amount of enthusiasm by Canadians. The ties of friendship between Canada and the U.S. were cemented in the Ogdensburg Declaration by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. King. The esteem with which Mr. Roosevelt is regarded in South America was demonstrated when these Republics declared a national holiday on the day of his re-election in November.

His judgment of international events has always been superior to that of his opponents. In 1938 he shocked the isolationists by proposing at Chicago that the aggressors be "quarantined." This speech was the cause of many bitter attacks against Mr. Roosevelt by his opponents. They claimed that he was speaking of war in order to relieve his precarious political position in the U.S. When in 1939 he asked Congress to repeal the Arms Embargo in favour of the Cash and Carry basis, he was accused of war-mongering. Later, a special session of Congress was necessary to repeal the law since war had already broken out in Europe.

When this terrible catastrophe struck Europe he took all the necessary precautions to prevent America from being involved in it. He declared a safety zone on both sides of this continent and prohibited American vessels from going into belligerent zones. However, when war broke out in all its fury, and many free countries, France included, were conquered, Mr. Roosevelt saw that America had to send more help to Britain, since Britain was the only remaining obstacle in Hitler's path. It was also evident that if Britain were defeated and the European economy were in Hitler's hands it would be a difficult task for the United States to compete in the world trade with Germany. And unless

the United States would co-operate with Germany she would face economic ruin and a lowering of her standard of living. America, as Mr. Roosevelt said recently "would be living at the point of a gun."

Accordingly, despite opposition from some quarters—incidentally the opposition is not the same as that which opposed him in his domestic policy, because financial interests derive profit from rearmament—he decided to enlarge the American rearmament program and give more help to Britain. Recently he declared that the United States will become "the arsenal of democracy" since there "can be no appeasement" between the democratic world and Hitler's world. He re-affirmed his belief that the Axis cannot win, and that with American help the democracies will be victorious. As far as one can see at present Mr. Roosevelt's new foreign policy is backed by the majority of the American people. But many of the opposition especially among the lower class who have always supported the President are alarmed by his blunt language and straight talk to the dictators.

Will he, now that he has changed his foreign policy, be able to keep America out of war and keep his campaign promise and yet be the economically helpful ally of Britain? Or will he be forced by circumstances and events to become a second Woodrow Wilson?

Both his supporters and opponents are anxiously watching Mr. Roosevelt steer the ship of State in these tortuous channels. How will he fare? To-day he has the greatest opportunity to win personal triumph and be a real statesman, now that he is no longer bound to the party machine and has no longer to play the politics. What will happen during his third term no one is in a position to predict. That he will go down in history as a great democratic leader, there is no doubt, although no one can foretell how Mr. Roosevelt will be remembered. At all events, American life will never be what it was when he took over the leadership of the United States in that fateful morning of March 4, 1933.

DECLINE IN CHURCH ATTENDANCE

ISABEL CHERRY, V COLLEGIATE

Nowadays, if there is nothing else to do, you go to church.

All day Saturday you watch to see what kind of weather is in store for Sunday. In the winter, a good fall of snow will prompt you to wax your skis and start out for a good day of Sunday skiing. In the spring, a bright cloudless day will send you heading for some cool brook for a good day of Sunday trout-fishing. But if the weather man does not treat you so generously, you go to church. In such a case of church attendance, you do not enjoy the ser-

vice; you do not even hear it. Instead you are feeling the sting of the snow on your face, experiencing the thrill of your first leap on that new ski jump, or landing that beautiful speckled trout that you could have boasted about for weeks to your rivals. Then, not having heard two words of the service, you swear that you will never go back again. In this case, the minister cannot be blamed for an uninteresting service.

The radio rightly bears some of the blame for poor church attendance. You are afforded the opportunity of receiving the church service to a better advantage at home, since you have the privilege of switching off the radio if the sermon does not suit your taste, or if the story you are trying to read while you listen, proves to be more entertaining than religion.

Too, radio reception does not demand an early rising on your part, nor does it require Sunday clothes. Bathrobes and Romeos serve just as well, especially if you are going skiing later on and will later have to deck yourself out in ski clothes. On Sunday night comedy radio programs prove to be a greater attraction than church because you don't feel like dressing again after that strenuous day of skiing.

Next Sunday, since the weather is bad, you, and a fair congregation, turn out to church and the topic of the sermon is, "Poor Church Attendance and Lack of Funds." You are informed that if you are absent this Sunday, "remember the Church expenses go on just the same." This request annoys you and some of the congregation, who had resolved, perhaps rather unmeaningly, to reform and go to church more often, and you, now resolve to continue with your air reception where you are permitted to listen if you wish. Once again the church attendance declines.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES

M. MACDONALD, FORM V

The dressing room is crowded, the walls covered with what might be the loot from a mixture of pawn-shops and Bond Street clothing stores. Overalls and stiff shirts, boots and dancing pumps, all are there, spread about in mad disarray. Here and there boys, trying to pull on their socks or shoes, are standing like storks or hopping about like dancing-dolls.

What a sick-looking bunch they are—all white as a sheet; you look in the mirror to straighten your tie and—Shades of Sir Cedric Hardwicke! Can this ghost-like creature be you! Why, your face looks like the front of one of those shirts. Funny thing too because it's very warm in here. Loosen your collar; there, that's better. Now you're ready for make-up, or are you? Let's see, have you forgotten anything? Got that scarf? Mustn't forget it again tonight. Remember what happened at the dress

rehearsal. All set? The make-up room is on the next floor up. This way; say, what's your hurry? You took those stairs three at a time.

Here you are. First the cream; rub it in well then rub it all off; remember, its just to soften your skin, not bury it. Try to stand still; how do you expect the make-up man to get that lip-rouge straight? There, that's that! Eyeshadow; just a little. Hair okay? Fine. You might as well go upstairs to the stage; nothing to do now but wait. Wait—only fifteen minutes more till the curtain. Wait—and your heart beating twice as quickly as your watch. Wait---wait-----wait.

There's a funny feeling in the bottom of your stomach. Come on, buck-up—only five more minutes. Pretend this is just another practice. What do you say when you go on first? What, you've forgotten? Never mind, it will come to you on the stage, if you ever get there. There's a big crowd to-night so do your best; you mustn't disappoint them.

Only three more minutes—ah! there's the orchestra now. Three more minutes, one hundred and eighty seconds. You never knew before how long a second really is. There's the prompter settling into her chair by the end of the stage. It won't be long now and you've a good audience; steady, brother. Say, you actually look happy? Feel better now? Great! there goes your cue, the curtains' rising. So long. Keep your fingers crossed . . .

MORE ABOUT GRAPEFRUIT

H. NICOL V

To eat a grapefruit is a task in all parts of the educated world. Many breakfasters shun the round, oversized lemon, because it provided them with a shower of acidy juice expelled with considerable force from the large globules, which ruined both apparel and temper.

Breakfasters descend from the bath-room and with a cheery morning salutation to the cook, seat themselves at the table and are instantly confronted by a large half of a grapefruit, staring them in the face. With a shudder, the would-be consumer, hesitantly, picks up the culinary instrument customarily engaged for the purpose, and searches for an opening in the mellow fruit. Cook has been careless to-day and has not sliced the adjoining walls of the fruit so the worst can be expected. Like a wary contestant in a fistical engagement, the person circles the fruit with his eyes and prods gingerly, first at the sides then the centre. He eases the spoon gently down into the side and is rewarded for such an audacious act by a yellow streamer of juice full in the optic. Never daunted, the daring attacker grips the evasive victim in his left hand and with a sudden downward thrust of the spoon, jabs viciously at the fruit and receives another liquid torrent, accompanied by a huge seed.

At this point, the consumer usually throws down his spoon in utter disgust and calls for his waffles. But the more diligent and persevering of our retaliating grapefruit-eaters, stick to the task of carving up the fruit, which California so graciously donates to the continent. He usually succeeds.

I, myself, one of the less persevering breakfasters, give up in disgust, after the first attempt. To you fellow-suffers, I have one piece of consoling advice, which will rid you of such a horrid and damp experience every morning. It is as follows:

Take the fruit to the kitchen, draw out the grapefruit squeezer and squeeze unmercifully until the fruit is dry. Then discard the conquered and base rind into the sink, place juice in a glass with a little sugar and down the tangy juice. In my mind, this is the only way to enjoy a grapefruit in a safe and joyous manner. Then you can say, "There is more to grapefruit than meets the eye."

THE DECLINE OF COURTESY TOWARDS WOMEN

EDYTHE WHARRAM

Without a doubt, courtesy towards women is not what it used to be. Every day in all kinds of ways, in the many walks of life this fact is evidenced. One has only to step onto a crowded bus, or get caught in a waiting theatre line to appreciate the fact that men no longer consider women as frail, delicate creatures, entirely dependent on their strong manly companions for protection against the rude ways of the harsh world.

This decline of courtesy on the part of the men is, in my opinion, a result of woman's advancement in the general affairs of the world. The men feel, and rightly so, that since women have shown themselves capable of contesting most fields with men, they should not receive special consideration. Today, choose whatever phase of activity you please, you will doubtlessly find women in ever increasing numbers rivalling the men. In politics, business and sport, the position of women is steadily growing more important. Years ago a woman was educated only in the frivolous arts such as music and sewing so that by her charming wiles she might bring some man to make her the graceful head of his household. Today, men and women receive equal opportunities of education, thus enabling women as well as men to have a career or enter into business. As a result, the modern woman is quite independent and not demanding of the same courteous deference shown her home-loving grandmother.

I believe also that the modern way of life has a great deal to do with this decline of courtesy. The speed and our lack of confinement in our modern society make the stuffy courtliness of former days quite ridiculous.

Whereas the stalwart of former days swept a stately bow to a feminine acquaintance, the modern youth greets her with a nod and a nonchalant, "Howdy."

I fear that there are no "Sir Walter Raleighs," amongst our modern males. Today, if a girl is distressed by a puddle she does not look around for some gallant fellow to sacrifice his best coat for her but with a determined look she leaps the puddle and continues unconcernedly on her way, which action would have made her grandmother blush for shame.

This decline of courtesy does not however mean that men have become rude and inconsiderate of women. The majority of men will give up their seat in a bus or theatre to a woman if she is standing. The man who doesn't, is deemed unmannerly and rude. It is still considered most cowardly and brutal for a man to strike a woman and the old act of dropping a hanky still enables the vamp to gain the attention of the men.

For these reasons I do not consider that the decline of courtesy towards women is a serious development but rather a veiled tribute to the social advancement of our sex.

THERE IS BEAUTY IN CANADA'S NORTHLAND

ALICE RANEY

There is beauty in Canada's northland. While I was driving from North Bay to Camp Lorraine on Lake Temiskaming this fact was impressed upon my mind. The great rocks of ruddy red, to be found almost anywhere in the great northland have a beauty all their own. The northland has many contrasts of beauty. For as suddenly as these majestic rocks had loomed up they gave way to a placid lake fringed with stately evergreens. The fragrant scent of pine needles refreshed our nostrils. In the course of the afternoon we passed many such lakes. The one that stands out most in my memory was a narrow winding lake characteristic of lakes in the northland. High rocks on the left side crowded us almost to the margin of the lake. It was wild country seemingly uninhabited. The jagged shoreline was covered with pine trees through which the setting sun cast rays of deep purples, glorious reds and oranges on the ripples of the lake. As we drove on, the great pine forests faded into forests of tall white poplars, standing like eerie ghosts in the dusk. The evening breeze touched the keys of some mighty organ and the air was filled with its faint soft music. The moon rose over the hill of Lorraine valley showing us a still different aspect of the northland. The dark hills stood out against the still darker sky; the moon cast a golden light on the road and the whippoorwill's mournful voice came to us from somewhere in the forest.

There is beauty in the Canadian northland.

QUEER NAMES

BETTY MACINTYRE, FORM V

Do you blush a deep scarlet and mutter "mm-umph" or some equally incoherent reply, when someone asks what your middle initial stands for? Well, perhaps the little tale I am going to relate will make you feel better about the whole matter.

Last week, finding myself short of reading material, I turned in my hour of need to the city's best known book, the telephone directory. I had heard one can actually derive entertainment from its contents. With no definite plan in mind I struck out aimlessly, arriving first among the C's. In a short time my efforts were well rewarded, for I found names like the following: Cann, Coones, Cork, Coo, Cow, Cottin and last but not least Cakebread. In comparison with what I found later on, these few are exceedingly conservative. Listed under the D's were two outstanding names, Death and shortly below it, Deadman. After that I didn't consider names like Dew, Dollar, Drinkwater and Dithers the least bit out of the ordinary. In fact I was almost prepared to accept even Pickles which leaped out at me when I skipped over to the P's. To make matters worse there were no fewer than eight people called Pickles. In the same pages I came across five called Pidgeon, four called Pusey, eight called Pecker and nine called Pye.

The greatest enjoyment, however, was found among the T's. Here there were some excellent examples of queer names. On the first couple of pages were Tarbottle, Tax, Towell, Tunnah, Tufts, and Trump. In each case the number of people bearing these names exceeded six.

At length I retraced my steps and stopped with interest under the H's. Herd was the first I discovered then shortly after came Horseman and Hossies.

Before I should end my peculiar trip I decided to pay a quick visit to the S's. With a swirl of paper I reached my destination and found that my effort was not a wasted one. Here was a veritable dumping ground for queer names since Swallows, Swails, Salads, Sequins, Sonnets, Sparks, Spoons, Shanks, and Specks were alphabetically arranged in the next two or three pages.

This last encounter with queer names ended my trip. In closing the book I decided that we shouldn't feel so ill at ease over a peculiar middle name which can be cleverly concealed by an initial. We would really have just cause for complaint if we had to write down a surname, like some of these I have just mentioned, for the world in general to gaze at with merri-ment.

VIEW FROM LOOKOUT ON THIBEAULT HILL

BETTY BROWN
GRADE XA

Standing on the lookout at Thibeault Hill one can see in the far distance, both to the left and the right. From here there is a marvellous view of the city of North Bay, the surrounding country and the lakes and islands.

Looking immediately in front of us we see the low, rolling hills and vales covered with the soft blanket of snow. As our vision turns to the left of this great expanse of land, we see the frozen waters of Trout Lake together with a few of the buildings making up the village. Next in view comes the Home of the Aged and the Jail with the Scollard Hall appearing not far distant from them. The T. N. O. Railway shops can plainly be seen amidst the numerous houses and buildings. Even the wide stretching Trans Canada Highway is a marked line in this glorious view. The spire of the French Church towers decidedly higher than other places mentioned. The aerials at C. F. C. H. radio station seem to gently wave to and fro in the breeze. Still turning our gaze from the left to the right, we can see the top of the Empire Hotel. The great spire of the Cathedral reaches far into the sky with the Collegiate appearing in sight slightly to the north. Then to extreme right are the great waters of Lake Nipissing with the Girls' College located on its shores. As we gaze over these ice bound waters, they seem never ending.

BARGAIN DAY

GWEN PRICE IIIA COLL.

The out-of-town visitor was about to take in her first bargain sale in the large city. She arrived at the store fully fifteen minutes before the time of the opening but she found that already by all four doors were long lines of women. Nearest to every door was the inevitable group of short stout women in dark clothing, chattering in a foreign language or in broken English.

The visitor crowded into one of the lines and soon the group closed in behind her. They crowded closer and closer so that soon it became difficult to breathe. For a moment she had horrible fears of being knocked down and trampled when the doors opened. Time dragged on very slowly.

Suddenly she felt the crowd surging forward and she was carried helplessly along with it. She soon reached the door. On entering she found to her surprise that the lines did not spread out but headed straight for the nearest flight of stairs leading to the bargains in the basement. She was terrified lest someone should stumble on the stairs but miraculously no one did.

The lines spread out. The large women who headed each of them ran directly to the tables where each seized as many articles as she could snatch from the others. Then each made off by herself to choose from her collection whatsoever she could wear. Usually there were not many garments that would fit these corpulent persons, but they fought valiantly among themselves for those that would.

After choosing what they wished to keep, they threw the rest back onto the nearest table. Here the less experienced bargain-seekers looked over the discarded and often damaged garments and secretly envied the veterans who obtained what they wanted by sheer force.

Meanwhile the visitor stood bewildered by the rushing humanity around her. People bumped her time and time again but never stopped to apologize. The visitor, after watching countless disputes over the articles for sale decided to get into the spirit of the thing and "go in fighting" if she wanted to buy anything. With her elbows she pushed aside some buyers at a counter and seized an armful of something soft. She ran off and set it down. It proved to be only straw packing from some china; and as she sheepishly brushed off her coat she saw some of the others laughing at her. This made her angry.

Suddenly she hit upon a bold and daring plan. She barged to a counter with the pugnacity of a football tackler. Then when no one was looking she poked the most heavily laden woman in the ribs. The woman squealed with forced laughter and dropped a few things from her arms. These things the visitor snatched up and made off with before anyone knew what had happened. Unfortunately none of the garments obtained fitted the Visitor.

Disappointed, she looked for a new plan. Then, for the sake of curiosity she threw the articles that she had into the very thick of a group of women.

Her luck turned. The women dropped their loads in order to clutch at the articles descending upon them from above. The Visitor, accompanied by four other luckless individuals began to grab up the garments dropped by the tugging, pulling, wrestling females behind her.

She had found a sales girl and was having her purchases wrapped, watching meanwhile the angry, tricked women whom she had just out-witted. The sales girl said suddenly,

"Madam, you are very clever to out-smart those professionals over there. "It's never been done before."

The Visitor smiled self-consciously,

"Y'know, all's fair in love and war,—and bargain sales" she replied.

POETRY AND VERSE

CHRISTMAS IN HIS MAJESTY'S CANADIAN NAVY

BETTY ANN HORN
IIA COLLEGIATE

It was Christmas day, in the morning,
And the sky was bright and clear,
But the winds were blowing, and the sea was
roaring,
And a sailor shed a tear.

For he missed the soft snow falling,
And he missed his home, and wife,
Though the navy was really "ripping,"
And he loved a sailor's life.

But he longed for the warmth and comfort
Of his little home, back there;
And he longed for the rolling country,
And Canada's bright, crisp air.

And he thought of his little kiddies
He'd had to leave behind;
But he was building a future for them
And others of their kind.

"A future strong and firm, dear,"
He said as he stood at the rail,
"For our country's children and you, dear,
For God's will cannot fail."

"And Hitler's army we'll crush, dear
And the world will at last have peace,
And there shall be no more fear,
For all warring we shall cease."

"For it was Christmas day, in the morning
When Christ came to us
And bells were ringing, and Angels, singing,
Proclaimed that peace would come."

ROAMING

In summer, I delight to roam,
Across the meadows far from home.

The buttercups and daisies nod
Their heads above the grassy sod.

The song birds flit among the trees;
Their notes come faintly on the breeze.

I follow close the winding brook
Until I reach a shady nook.

Silver trout in a rustic pool
Glimmer amid the shadows cool.

At last with dreams I fall asleep—
A tryst among the fairies keep.

MARGERY IRWIN.

TO A PUZZLE

BETTE DESJARDINS, IIIC

Jig-Saw puzzle,
 What right have you
 To hold my interest
 The way you do?
 Why do you lie
 On the table there
 And will me to sit
 In the opposite chair?
 Why do my fingers
 Toy with your parts
 Till my eyes grow weak
 And a headache starts?
 Why do I follow
 Your notches and curves
 Like a lover who hangs
 On his sweetheart's words?
 Why have you cast
 Your spell on me?
 I'll conquer you yet,
 Old Mystery!

TINY TALL'S FATE

ALICE MOON

Once there lived a little man,
 Who was but eight feet tall;
 His blonde straight hair was curly black:
 His black eyes green as gall.

When Tiny Tall, for t'was his name,
 Wanted or wished a thing
 And used his lungs to call aloud
 His weak voice made ear drums ring.

One day our hero took a walk,
 While riding in a flying car,
 His beautiful hair blew round the wheels:
 Car's stopping jerk threw Tiny afar.

He landed on a distant star.
 'Way underneath the dry, dry sea,
 Where meeting a lovely mermaid fair,
 Married and lived, so happily.

THE WORLD I LOVE

I love this world when skies are blue,
 And when the birds sing all day through,
 Beside a brook I love to stand
 And watch the sparkling, golden sand.
 The waters rushing on for aye
 Are never still the livelong day.
 White clouds high in the sky above
 Look down on peace, and war, and love.
 In city homes or meadows green
 The joys of living may be seen.

MIRIAM PRESTON.

"LONGING"

Sometimes I think when night does fall,
 Of distant woods where cuckoos call.

Of leafy coverts, where partridge hide,
 And from the tree-tops squirrels chide.

In fancy wooded hills I pass,
 Where soft winds rustle in the grass.

And oftimes long for some calm lake,
 Upon whose brink the aspens shake.

"THE NORTHERN BLIZZARD"

Who can vent its fury more
 Than a blizzard, of the north?
 Who is it, who strikes with power of Thor
 When brave men journey forth?
 Who whistles round their frozen ears?
 Who buries them in the snow?
 Who adds to their evergrowing fears
 While cruel winds blow?
 Those brave men that break the trail,
 Those men that never tire
 Are caught in a maelstrom of snow and hail,
 Ruled by a force that's higher.
 But dauntlessly they journey onward,
 The sons of the north are they,
 All these men press forward, forward,
 'Tis a dangerous game they play.
 Some are frozen in banks of white
 Some are starved on the field of fame,
 But though They're dead, they've shed the light,
 On a venturesome life-giving game.

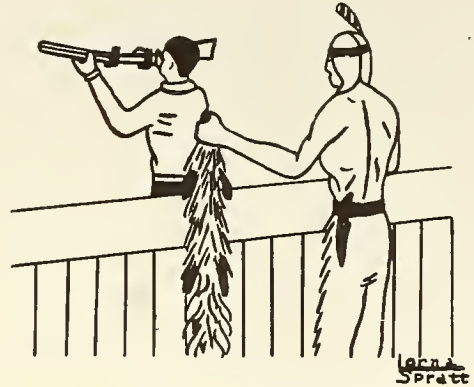
By E. M. McDONALD

"STREET DRESS"

LORRAINE STEVENSON

She primped before the mirror
 And smiled in self-conceit.
 Nothing pleased her dearer
 Than to have her hair look neat.
 She smoothed her fine silk hose
 And aligned its narrow seam;
 Then, pertly, she studied her nose
 For remnants of make-up cream.
 She glanced with a critical eye
 At the slender heels of her shoes.
 They had cost her a lot to buy,
 But what had she to lose?
 Proud she was of her long slim hands
 With their crimson pointed tips;
 Her rings were slim gold bands,
 Their stones like tiny pips.
 When she descended the stairs,
 Her mother gazed in distress.
 Despite all her gay vain airs,
 She had forgotten to don her dress!

EXCHANGE



As usual, the Exchange Editor's desk is littered with magazines—this time from almost every corner of the globe. Last year we exchanged with schools of the Empire, obtaining a very enthusiastic response. This year we hoped to repeat the same success with schools of the U. S. A., but did not meet with quite as much response as in the case of the imperial exchange. Again we have exchanged with several Canadian schools.

CANADIAN—

VANTECH,
VANCOUVER TECHNICAL SCHOOL,
VANCOUVER, B.C.
Excellent piece of work.

EASTERN ECHOES,
EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
Good Photos.

BLUE and GOLD,
EAST YORK C. I.
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
A credit to the school.

THE VULCAN,
CENTRAL TECHNICAL SCHOOL,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
Our idea of the perfect magazine.

WESTWARD HO.,
WESTERN TECHNICAL SCHOOL
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
Fine Work.

THE ASHBURIAN,
ASHBURY COLLEGE,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO.
Good, but too few photos.

THE NEW ERA,
BRANDON C. I.
BRANDON, MAN.
Very good.

AMERICAN—

THE NUTSHELL,
MOORESTOWN HIGH SCHOOL,
MOORESTOWN N. J., U. S. A.
Excellent newspaper.

JAY SEER,
SAN BENITO COUNTY JUNIOR COLLEGE,
HOLLISTER, CALIFORNIA.
Seems to take a lot of students' time.

EMPIRE—

RAFFLES INSTITUTE,
SINGAPORE, B. E. I.
Good, but why not more photos?

ANNUAL MAGAZINE,
BRISBANE STATE HIGH SCHOOL,
BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.
*Good. No Photography club?
No Magazine title?*

THE A. C. S. MAGAZINE,
ANGLO CHINESE SCHOOL,
SINGAPORE, B. E. I.
No scenic photos?

REVIEW,
WELLINGTON TECHNICAL COLLEGE,
WELLINGTON, N.Z.,
Very conservative.

ACADEMY HERALD,
AMERICAN ACADEMY,
LARNACA, CYPRUS.
Very good for small number attending.



BOYS' SPORTS

GEORGE CUMMINGS

INTRODUCTION

The School greatly regrets and feels the loss of its former coach, teacher and friend, Major M. L. Troy who has returned to the fighting forces. However, the school was very fortunate, indeed, in getting the services of Mr. Frank Psutka who admits he has "large shoes to fill" and so far he has conducted sports nobly.

FIELD DAY

Junior Events—

Bill Frair with twenty-three points took the Junior Crown. He gained his points by firsts in the Broad Jump, High Jump, Hop-Step-and-Jump and Shot Put and second in the Standing Broad.

Runners up were George Cummings with eighteen points chiefly in sprinting and Harry Whitham with fifteen points.

Intermediate Events—

Ian Martyn with thirty-eight out of a possible forty points led the intermediate with firsts in 100 yd. dash, 220 yd. dash, Broad Jump, High Jump, Hop-Step-and-Jump, Pole Vault and Standing Broad and a second in the Shot Put.

Runners-up were Mark Guppy with twenty points and Pryce Moorehouse with fifteen.

Senior Events—

Bob "six foot and some" Marshall ran away with the Senior Events with forty-one points from a possible forty-five. He took firsts in 220 yd. dash, Broad Jump, High Jump, Hop-Step-and-Jump, Pole Vault, Standing Broad, Discus, and Shot Put and third in the 100 yd. dash.

Interform Events—

XIA Collegiate with sixty-one points by two competitors were school champions and runner up was XIIA with fifty-six points also by two competitors.

SENIOR RUGBY SQUAD



Back Row (Left to Right)—G. Whitham (Manager), M. Guppy, F. Chirico, L. Mitchell, E. O'Donnell, Y. Guenette, A. Brousseau, K. Frair, V. Saunders, Pat Jennings (Captain), Mr. F. R. Psutka (Coach).
Front Row (Left to Right)—H. Linsdell, F. DeMarco, H. Whitham, W. Blakely, R. Pelletier, P. Marceau, J. Durrell, A. Wigston.

Senior Rugby—

With difficulty due to war conditions, practices got under way for Senior Rugby but Coach Frank Psutka rallied ten players to die fighting under the standards of the Green and White. Reinforcements were sought from Junior ranks and the Juniors suffered.

In pre-season training the team went down against the batterings of the Grads in two encounters.

On October 5 the battle started. Collegiate came home victorious—score Collegiate 10, Scollard 2. The touch-downs were scored by Guenette and Brousseau, a hard-hitting tackler. Pelletier was our plunger and showed excellent playing-power. Brousseau made a lovely tackle, picked up the loose ball and ran for his touch-down. Vic Boyer scored the 2 College points.

The next game was played at Sturgeon Falls where the score was Sturgeon 6, Collegiate 6. The Collegiate were without the services of Rene Pelletier. The outstanding event was the lovely 40 yd. forward pass Guenette passed to Ken Frair who ran for a touch. Pestolis scored the 6 pts. for Sturgeon.

Trick plays were employed for October 23's game and the Collegiate defeated Scollard Hall 29-7 with two touch-downs by Pelletier and one each by Guenette, Jennings and Mitchell. Chirico converted for four points. Pelletier was the main driving force of our team.

In the final game with Sturgeon Falls for the Championship of the Southern Group of Northern Ontario the Collegians swamped Sturgeon 19-0. Pelletier again starred with a touch and 4 points and Saunders and Chirico each scored for the 19 points.

Our team travelled north to Timmins where their trick plays were hampered by fifteen inches of snow and the team lost 8-0 and the Poupore Cup now leaves North Bay. Pelletier had to be carried off the field with a twisted ankle in the early stages of the game and Frair suffered a charley-horse, Jennings, a broken hand and Mitchell had a recurrence of broken rib trouble.

Rene "Snooks" Pelletier must be given great credit for the Collegiate success as should Trainer "Porky" Whitham last year's quarter-back.

JUVENILE HOCKEY TEAM



Back Row (left to right)—F. Psutka (Coach), Ace Chambers, Fred West, "Ruby" Rubinovich, Mark Guppy, Richard Valenti, Jim Sayer, Ebby Gigg, Pat Marceau (Trainer).
Front Row—Arthur Crogham, E. Valenti, Art Perrin, George Cumming, Campbell King, Jack Durrell.

**SENIOR
BOYS'
BASKETBALL
TEAM**

Back Row (Left to Right)—
Mark Guppy, Dick Yeandle,
Mr. Psutka (Coach).

Front Row (Left to Right)—
Y. Guenette, Carl Weegar,
Jack Durrel.



**INTERMEDIATE
BOYS'
BASKETBALL
TEAM**

Back Row (Left to Right)—Mr. F. Psutka, R. Harris, I. Martyn, G. Cummings, H. West, and F. Cherico.

Front Row — B. Blakely, G. Bedard and G. Torrance.



The Team:

Flying Wing: Pat "Fleetfoot" Jennings (now with R.C.A.F.) Halves: Rene "Snook" Pelletier, Jack "Dyke" Durrell, Floyd "Mo" Mitchell, Elwood "Scotty" O'Donnell, Mark Guppy. Quarter Back: Yvon "Ginny" Guenette; Snap: Pat Marceau; Middles: Vernon "Sunny" Saunders, Pete Brousseau; Insides: Frank Chirico, Frank De Marco; Ends: Ken "Moon" Frair, Wally Blakely; Alternates: Harry Whitham, Harry Linsdell, Arnold Wigston. The heavy-weights of the team were Chirico 206 lbs. Frair 204 lbs. and De Marco 204 lbs.

Junior Rugby:

A Junior Rugby Team was organized but since they had no competitors they supplied alternates for the Seniors. Next year Coach Psutka is going to organize a league and perhaps a Peanut League.

The Team:

Backfield: Cam King, Harry Whitham, Bill Frair, Gordon Torrance, Bob Marshall, George Cummings; Snap: Fred West; Ends: Roy Harris, Ian Martyn, Ken Locke; Line: Harvey Nicholls, Gordy Kilgour, Arnold Wigston, Murry Rubinovitch, Harry Linsdell.

Interform Rugby:

About 200 boys took part in the interform schedule and XB Vocational won the Junior Shield against 7 other teams and XIA Coll. won the Senior Shield against 4 other forms.

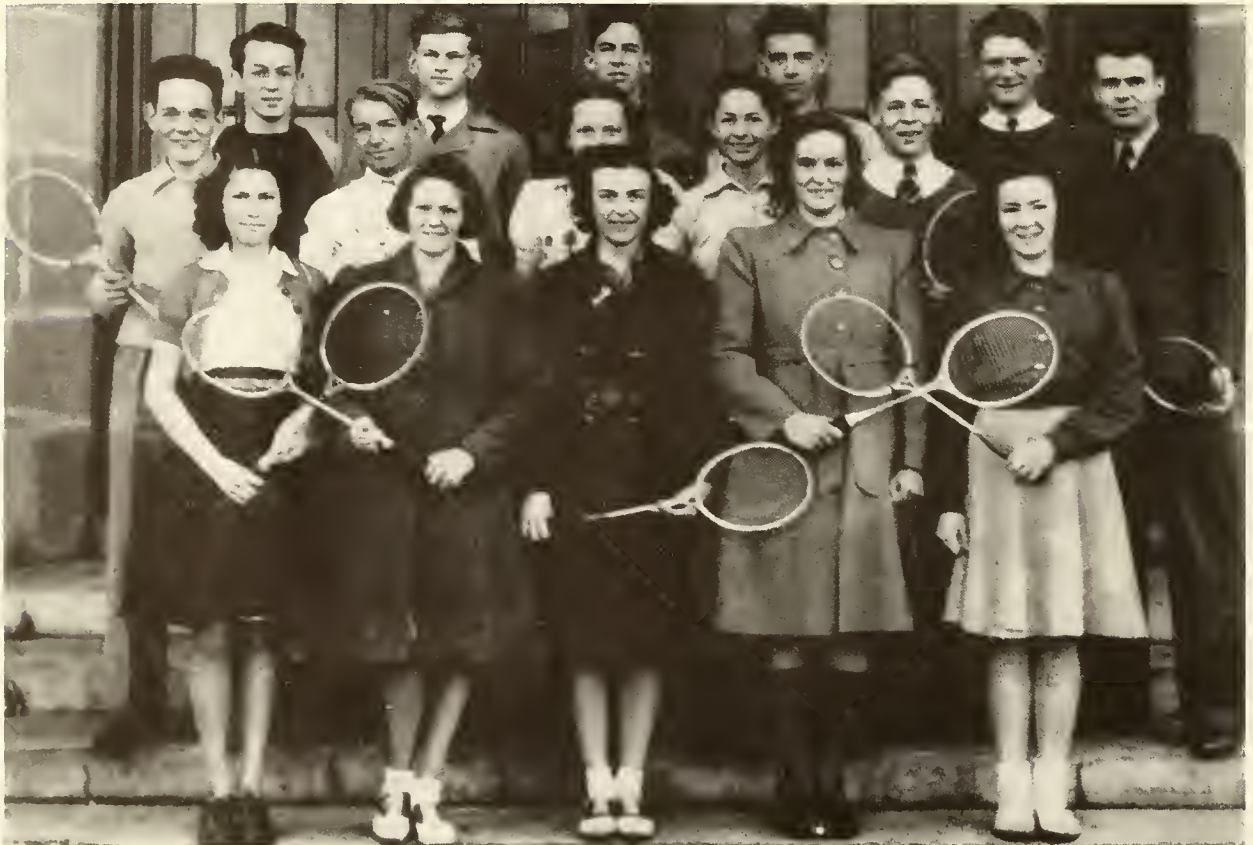
BOYS' BADMINTON CLUB

BILL BROWN, PRESIDENT

The Boys' Badminton Club, during the years 1940 and 41, was very successful. The badminton season began in November, 1940 and the club was glad to invite some rookie badminton players into their midst. Besides these rookies the club also gained two experienced players who are newcomers to our school—Wiber and Stephenson.

For the first time the school boasted a badminton team which took an active part in badminton tournaments. Several contests were held with a Sturgeon Falls club and other enjoyable evenings were spent in trying to defeat the teachers.

We are pleased to say that all in all, the badminton team came out O.K.

THE BADMINTON CLUB

Front Row: Ruth Rankin, Esther Smith, Jean Stewart, Frances Smith, Grace McGaughey.

Centre Row: George Bedard, Basil Connell, Virginia Cobourn, Marion Loney, Russell Stephenson, Mr. Baker.

Back Row: Bill Brown, Bill Lang, Carl Weegar, John Wiber, Jack Sherman.

GIRLS' SPORTS



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

ISABEL CHERRY
V COLLEGIATE

Girls' Athletic Society

President ----- Frances Smith
Vice-President ----- Thelma Durrell
Secretary-Treasurer -- Dorothy Ferris

Once again the Girls' Athletic Society is proud to be able to report another year of progress.

The Exhibition

A splendid gymnastic exhibition was given during the last year's spring term on each of the two open nights, when many of the girls from all parts of the school put on a brilliant display of their training under the instructive guidance of Miss Ash and Miss Gardner.

During each evening, classes of both Miss Gardner and Miss Ash displayed some of their regular class activities in their exhibition of folk dances and exercises.

An exhibition game of basketball was played each evening, between IVA Collegiate, last year's champion school team, and V Collegiate, runner up, in which V Form carried off the honours the first night and IVA, the second night. The program was brought to a close with a Grand March and a school cheer.

Inspection Day

Last year for the first time, the girls took part in the Cadet Inspection program which was held at the North Bay Arena. The girls, arrayed in their freshly starched gym suits of green, the school colour, executed smartly the manoeuvres of a picturesque march and swung gaily through the various folk dances.

The Badminton Club

Executive:

President ----- Esther Smith, V Coll.
Vice-President ---- Frances Smith 4B Coll.
Sec.-Treas. ---- Doris Childerhose, V Coll.

This year a keener interest has been shown in Badminton which has become one of the more popular sports of the winter season. The membership is about 30.

A new scheme has been adopted in the Badminton Club this year. The girls' and boys' teams practice together Monday and Friday nights in the Girls' Gym. with Mr. Dewar or Mr. Baker presiding.

In the early fall the members practised diligently for the oncoming tournaments which were held in October. About 26 members entered the singles and about 12 couples, the doubles.

Winner of the singles: Grace McGaughey.

Runner up: Frances Smith.

The doubles were won by Grace McGaughey and Frances Smith.

Runners up were Doris Childerhose and Esther Smith.

The club has formed a Badminton Team this year, consisting of 8 boys and 8 girls. Their first game was held in North Bay in December, when the Sturgeon Falls' Badminton Team came down. The results were: North Bay 8, Sturgeon Falls 7.

The second game took place in Sturgeon Falls on January 16. Sturgeon won 12 games against North Bays' 1. North Bay was the scene of the final game on February 10, when North Bay regained her lead with a score of 8 to 7 for North Bay.

FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS



Left to Right—Mr. Psutka, Clara Johnston, Bill Frair, Thelma Durrell, Ian Martyn, Grace McGaughey.

Field Day

The first fine day that the weatherman favoured us with last fall, was our Field Day. The enthusiasm with which the girls entered the events made this year's Field Day one of our most successful. Our events included running and standing broad jumps, dashes, baseball and basketball throws, and novelty races. Our thanks are due to the members of the staff who so willingly assisted us in making such a success of our Field Day: The Senior winner was Clara Johnston. The intermediate winners were: Thelma Durrell and Ethel Fodor who tied. The Junior winner was Grace McGaughey.

Basketball

This year the basketball schedule has been changed. V Collegiate, Special Commercial,

IVA and IVB Collegiate played one schedule. All the third forms played another one. The winners of the two groups each played a separate schedule and the winners will play off for the Junior Championship.

There has also been a change in the time of our basketball games this year. On account of the Boys' Drill classes each day until 4:30, the Girls' Inter-form Basketball games are played on Saturday mornings, beginning at 9:30.

The girls wish to thank Miss Ash and Miss Gardner who have made our girls' sports one of the main activities in the school, and who devoted a great deal of their time after school to training two teams of ten girls each, who, on March 21, played exhibition games against the Normal School and the Girls' College.

SENIOR BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Back Row (Left to Right)—
Isabelle Cherry, Norma Her-
man, Marion Alford, Edith
Wharem.

Front Row: Helen MacGil-
livray, Marie Connell, Jean
Stewart.

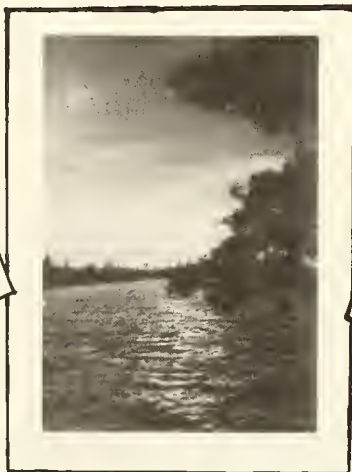
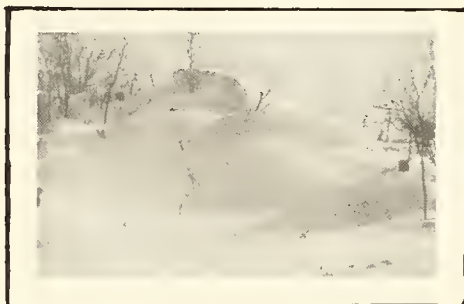
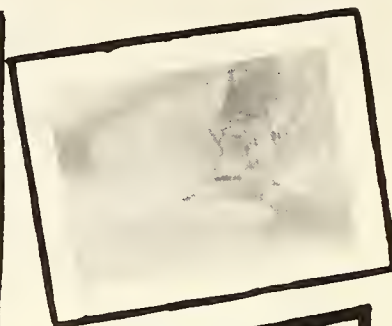


JUNIOR BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

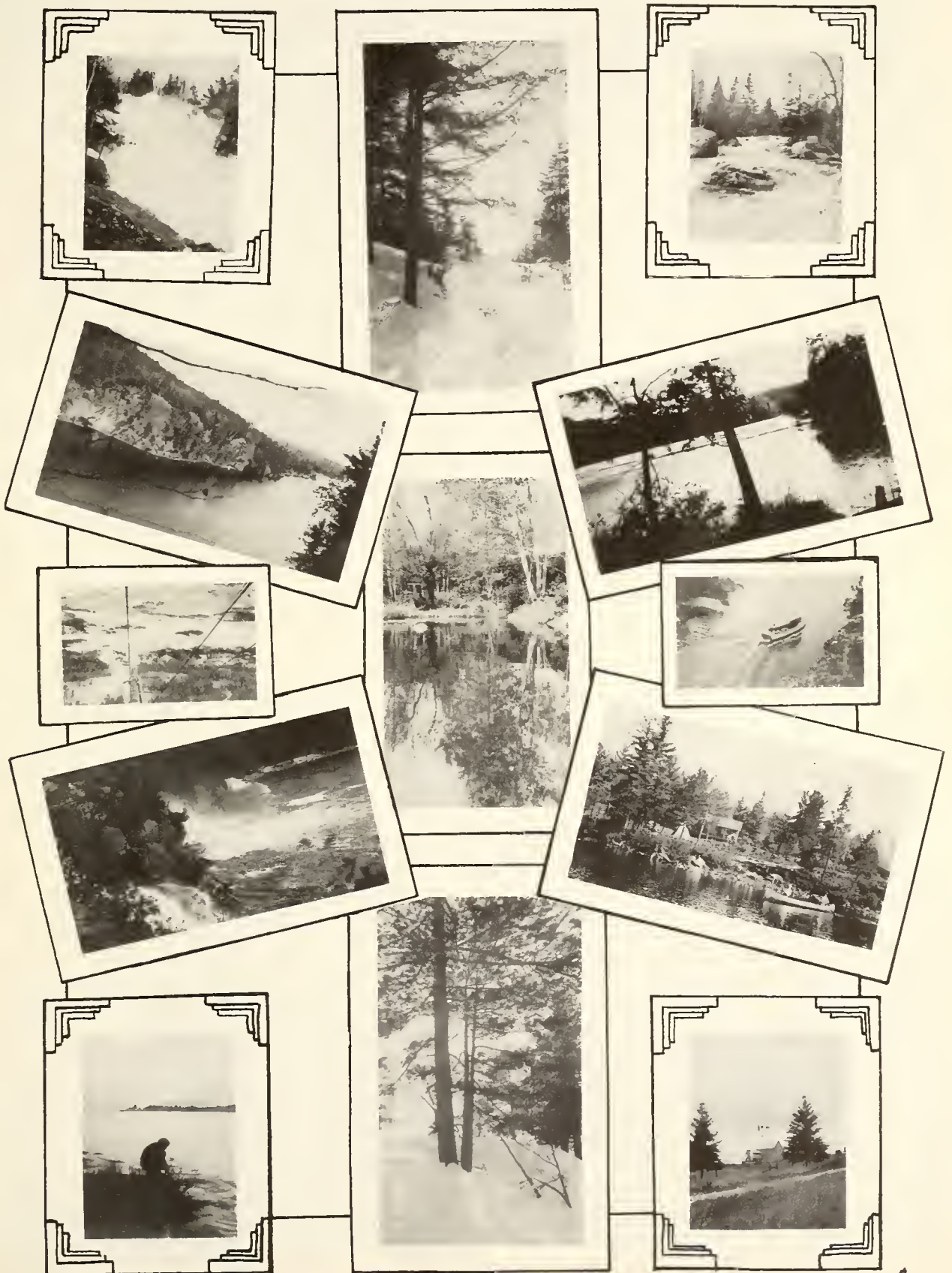
Back Row: Jean Thompson,
Jean Connelly, Doretta Mac-
Gillivray.

Front Row: Marion Ferguson,
Betty Baxter, Ruth McLeod.

NORTHERN LANDSCAPES



A SCENIC SPOT



SCHOOL NEWS

JEAN MCBETH V COLL.

Hasn't it been a busy year in a social way?

It all began with the Hullabaloo on Oct. 27 when Laura Secord and Lil Abner with all their old-fashioned and poor-house friends had their annual jamboree. Yes, it was a hard-time party in the Vocational School gym with a number of old-timers in lavender and lace attending, too. Patches and rags were the order of the evening and even newspaper decorations contributed to the poverty-stricken scene. One glimpse of the refreshments served on the third floor, however, dispelled any thought of poverty. Needless to say, they were thoroughly enjoyed.

Miss Hamer and Mr. and Mrs. Hardwick looked quite concerned when they tried to pick winners for the costume prizes but finally the decision was given to Ian Martyn and Jean Richardson, as the most original boy and girl respectively. Prizes were carried off in red bandanas, too, by Lynne Bothwell and Bill Burrows, who were judged the most original couple.

Faye Mulligan and Garnet Barlow as well as Lorna Brown and J. Hastings captured prizes for novelty dances.

Not to be out-done by this splendid project of the Senior Literary Society, the Students' Administrative Council chose Feb. 7th as the date of their Valentine Ball, the second big dance of the school year. Red and white hearts transformed the boys' gym for the evening into a miniature kingdom of students and ex-students, presided over by the chosen King and Queen of the ball—Howard McDonald and Marie Raineville.

Onieda Gauthier and Alvin Johnston were the lucky couple who won the prize for the Spot Dance.

Two tea dances were held during the winter, one by the Red Cross Society, the other by Form Special Commercial, as its special project for raising funds toward the school's war effort. Both events proved very successful. Everybody danced to the Rockola and had a wonderful time.

The school has been especially fortunate in its guest speakers this year.

The first to address the students at morning assembly was Mr. Ellsworth Toll who gave a spirited "preview" of his travelogue on South America. Many curios and souvenirs from the south provided great interest and amusement.

The Rev. Lt. Col. Sharing delivered a most impressive message on Armistice Day. He gave a very real picture of the first Armistice day from the view point of one who shared it in France. Another memorable occasion was the presentation to Capt. (now Major) M. L. Troy with a sleeping bag. Miss Hamer made the

presentation for the teaching staff and Reg. McCambley represented the student body.

Mr. Troy had long been one of the most popular and efficient members of the staff until he left us last year, to serve with the Algonquin Regiment—C.A.S.F.

Rev. P. Webster spoke to the school at the Christmas service. His subject was the wonderful Christmas gift that God gave to the world in His son.

After this address Sylvia and Arthur Gabor entertained with a number of fine selections.

Misses Agnes and Ruth McCubbin and Miss Irene Simkin also contributed to the delightful musical program prepared by Mr. Hardwick.

One other speaker came to the students as they gathered at morning assembly. This was Miss McKim who aided by Mr. Beatty, inspected the Vocational department of the school. She told of the war effort of different schools throughout the province. Some even collected old newspapers in order to make money. She strongly advocated giving all that could possibly be spared towards this great cause. We are happy to state that since Miss McKim's visit, the war effort of our school has progressed very rapidly and with renewed vigour.

GRADUATION

The annual commencement exercises, held on Dec. 6, this year, was an event of major importance to many of the students of both the Collegiate and Vocational departments of the school. This year approximately one hundred and twenty-five students received their diplomas before an auditorium closely crowded with friends and relatives.

Mr. J. C. Ross was chairman for the occasion. Very inspiring addresses were given by His Worship Mayor Beattie and by Rev. A. A. Lowther, M.A.

The latter address, directed especially to the graduates was supplemented very ably by Miss Marion Alford, valedictorian, in her address which expressed perfectly the thoughts in the minds of all those who were leaving their school-days behind them. Field-day medals and also scholarship medals were presented by Miss F. G. Ash, B.A., Mr. F. P. Psutka, B.A. and Mr. F. D. Wallace, M.A.

The second part of the program was in lighter vein and took the form of a musical entertainment. The School Orchestra and Double Octette as well as several top numbers made it a complete success.

Lunch was served to the graduates and their guests on the third floor of the Vocational School and later on dancing was enjoyed in the gymnasium.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL



Back Row: Mark Guppy, Mr. F. D. Wallace, Frank Cherico, Bill Allen.
Front Row: Ruth Stevens, B. McGonigal, Shirley Caley, Thelma Durrell.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY



Back Row (Left to Right)—Miss Gardner, Mr. Firth, George Justice, Morris Herman, George Cummings, Jack Hamilton.
Front Row (Left to Right)—Irene Simkins, Jessie Skellern, Shirley Pennock, Ena Saunders, Beverley Gunn, Velma Martin.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

FRANK CHERICO
V-COLL.

The Students' Council started the year with the books revealing a small sum left by last year's council. It was hoped that the council fees would swell our bank account but we found that they were not coming in as well as they might have. With the students actively engaged in suppling overseas boxes to ex-students now on active service in England; woollens and other necessities to the Red Cross societies; and other very valuable war-work, we found some reason for the neglect of the fees. Still, there are several months left in which more fees may be paid.

On February 7, the annual school dance was held in the boy's gymnasium. It took the form of a Valentine Ball (something new as far as the school is concerned) and proved to be a very great success. This was the first year, for some long time that a large profit was realized.

This year the council found it necessary to buy new equipment for the rugby team. It seems that no new equipment had been purchased for quite a few years so that we were in very sore need of it. What we now have on hand should do for several seasons.

For the first time, the school is minus a junior hockey team. It was a hard blow for a school like ours that has produced such good teams in the past, to take. It is to be understood that it was through no fault of the council that no effort was made to produce a team.

The basketball team, another organization financed as far as possible by the council is, at present, doing exceedingly well.

At present, work is well under way to present our annual school play. It is entitled "The Gingham Girl" and is a three-act musical comedy, to be produced under the joint direction of Miss M. E. Wales, Miss P. L. Morgan and Mr. S. W. M. Hardwick. This year we are staging the play for three successive nights with one-third of the proceeds to go to very worthy war-work.

Thus far we have had a somewhat successful year, with everything pointing to a greater success in the few remaining months.

The executive as elected for 1941 is as follows:

Frank Cherico ----- President
Shirley Caley ----- Vice-President
Emma Gareau ---- Secretary-Treasurer

After doing very good work for the Council Emma Gareau left school and was succeeded by Marjorie Anderson.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The first activity of the 1940-41 Senior Literary Society was the Annual Hullabaloo. This year, due to a great number of activities,

it was held later than usual and took place on November 15th, in the form of a Hard Time and Old Fashioned Party.

The proceeds from the dance, which amounted to \$16.54, were given to Miss Wales to buy wool for the Overseas Boxes.

Our second meeting took the form of a Quiz Programme between Fifth and Special. Earl Byrnes acted as a master of ceremonies and George Justice as time and score keeper. Those representing Special were: Barbara McGonegal, Shirley Caley, Jean Waddington, Ed. Murphy, Bill Gigg, Joyce Young, R. Laviolette, Reg. McCambley, Allen Skellern.

Fifth's team was composed of:— Fred Duquette, Ruth McCubbin, Norma Herman, Wallace Blakely, G. Gaughan, Mable Gigg, Frank Chirico, Malcolm McDonald.

There was good competition between both sides which finally ended in a victory for Fifth Form. Score was 22-17.

The third meeting of the year was the Senior Oratorical Contest, held Feb. 13. Walford Reeves placed first and Jack Rosborough second. These two represented N. B. C. I. and V. S. in the final Oratorical Contest.

THE EXECUTIVE

Honorary Presidents, ----- Mr. T. Firth,
Miss H. Gardner
President ----- George Justice
Vice President ----- Beverly Gunn
Sect.-Treas. ----- Velma Martin
Pianist ----- Irene Simkin
Reporters ----- Frances Jenkins
George Cummings

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The 1940-41 season opened with a Variety Programme in December consisting mostly of well prepared Christmas numbers by Grades X, Collegiate. Early in February, Grades X, Commercial, arranged a meeting with songs, a dance number, recitations and a quiz. About the middle of March, the four boys' forms of Grade IX gave an excellent play, several puppet numbers, a boxing match along with several musical numbers.

The society is looking forward to a programme from Grades X Technical, in April and another from the three girls' forms of Grade IX, in May. The Junior Oratorical Contest will be held on Friday, May 2.

The officers for the Junior Literary Society this year are:

President ----- Reg. Peverley
Vice-President ----- Margaret McKinnon
Secretary-Treasurer ----- Bob Rankin
Pianist ----- Betty Brown
Reporters ----- Don Moyer
Ken Sinclair



THE MARIONETTE CLUB

Hon. President----- C. K. Carrington
 President ----- Jack Church
 Vice President ----- Shirley Ruddy
 Treasurer ----- Donald Scott

There are puppets *and* puppets, of course. Any ----- knows that! But, whereas in Europe the puppets' strings are pulled by their dictator masters, in North Bay our puppets put on a variety show (and a darn good one, too!) and raised \$130.65 for the Red Cross.

We're all very proud of that sum. It represents, of course the total from two performances, Friday evening, Nov. 29 and the following

Saturday morning matinee when 500 Public and Separate school pupils formed a noisy but enthusiastic audience. As one puppeteer said, "And did they ever hiss the dictators!"

Thanks must be given to all our many friendly helpers, but especially to the Arts and Letters Club, who assisted us in sponsoring the performance and supplied the excellent music, vocal and instrumental.

The Marionette Club has presented skits at the "Lit" and has twice accepted invitations to appear in outside charitable performances. If you care to peek inside Room 105 of a Tuesday afternoon you'll see our grandiose spectacle of Pinocchio taking shape. Altogether it's been a good year.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY



Back Row (Left to Right)—Bob Rankin, Jimmy Matera, Grant Darling, Reg Peverley, Mayer, Jimmy Eady, Cuthbert Gunning.

Front Row (Left to Right)—Alice Raney, Margaret McKinnon, Caroline Groulx, Jean McLaren, Christina Zoubaules.

SCHOOL PLAY — THE GINGHAM GIRL

MALCOLM MACDONALD

Because of the success of the past two musicals presented by the School, Miss M. E. Wales, Miss P. Morgan, and Mr. S. W. Hardwick wisely chose another sparkling musical for this year's presentation.

The action of the musical comedy centred around Mary, (Jessie Moore) who was trying to establish a market for her "Bluebird Cookies." Mary lived in a small town. Every day she baked cookies to be sold in Silas O'Day's (Jack Rosborough) grocery store. But it seems that, as this particular village didn't like cookies Mary, egged on by a high-pressure salesman from New York (Howard Clarke), decided to leave for the Big City and sell her cookies there. She was further influenced by the attention paid her by one Harrison Bartlett (Reg. McCambley) whose father owned a cookie factory and who didn't mind a flirtation with Mary, in spite of the fact that he was already engaged to Mildred Ripley (Agnes McCubbin). Perhaps, too, Mary was eager to go to New York because her boy-friend from Crossville Corners (Johnny Cousins) had already gone to The City "to make a name for himself".

In the meantime, Johnny (Malcolm MacDonald) had forgotten Mary and was spending his time taking out show-girls like Mazie Lelewer (Grace McGaughey). He was engaged as a model by an artist, Sonia Mason (Kay Henry) and incidentally got himself entangled in an affair with a wealthy old maid, Sophia Trask, (Marian Alford) who tried desperately to snare him, and to whom he was attracted for her money.

However, true love finally made him turn to Mary who had made a success of her Cookie Business in New York and still retained her sweet unaffected disposition. Libby O'Day, (Ena Saunders) Silas' daughter, had come to New York too and eventually married the high-pressure salesman to whom she had been attracted ever since she met him in Crossville Corners at her father's store. The story ends happily as Mary and Johnny sing "Just as long as you have me and I have you."

The curtain was rung down on one of the most entertaining and financially successful plays presented by the School.

We were able to turn over one third of the proceeds to three local war funds.

"LUNCHEON IS SERVED"

WILMA CLIFF XI A VOC.

Time: 7.30 P.M. September 3, 1940. Place; C. P. R. station, North Bay. Scene; Three girls leaving for Toronto and the Canadian National Exhibition as entrants in a contest to be held in the Electrical Building, Friday September 5, 1940. The three girls were Iris Jennings, Con-

stance Spencer and Wilma Cliff. They were accompanied by Miss Grace Bennett.

They arrived at the Union Station, Toronto, early Thursday morning. After breakfast they journeyed forth to find their lodging place, Pembroke House, at 73 Pembroke Street. This proved to be a very friendly and pleasant branch of the Y. W. C. A.

Friday afternoon came quickly and the girls soon found themselves entering the gates of the exhibition grounds and wending their way toward the Electrical Building. They entered the cooking room and took their places beside the work table, electric stove and refrigerator assigned to them. The menu chosen consisted of:

Cantaloupe	Vegetable Plate
(Baked Potatoes, Baked Tomatoes, Cabbage	
Salad, Spinach Nest with Poached Egg)	
Baked Chocolate Custard	
Tea	Bread and Butter

The luncheon could not cost more than \$1.50 and it was to be cooked and ready to serve to four members of the R. C. A. F. within seventy minutes. There were three prizes offered, first prize being \$50. Constance Spencer and Wilma Cliff cooked the meal while Iris set the table, prepared the centre table decoration composed of fresh zinnias, and served the meal to the R. C. A. F. men. Everything turned out splendidly and at the end of the contest, while the girls were disappointed at not winning one of the prizes, they were proud to be placed among those "honorably mentioned." First prize was won by three Ottawa girls who did very splendid work.

At the contest Friday the three representatives of N. B. C. I. and V. S. received invitations to a "Good Will Luncheon" in the Women's Building at the Exhibition the next day. This event proved to be a very delightful and exciting afternoon. At the entrance to the room the girls were received by Mrs. Aitken, Director of Women's Activities at the Exhibition and by two gentlemen. The luncheon was served "buffet style" on the balcony. During the luncheon, the teacher from each of the schools stood up and introduced the pupils representing their school and told what school they came from. North Bay was the farthest away of any of the places represented. After lunch, Horace Lapp entertained the guests by playing the piano. Later the guests joined in a sing-song. The thing that impressed the girls most at this luncheon was a young boy from one of the schools, who, seeing Mrs. Aitken was very tired, took complete command of the situation, leading the sing-song like a professional Master of Ceremonies.

Later, in the Fall, Mr. Wallace presented each girl with a charming gold and blue pin sent from the Exhibition. There is no need to say that these three girls were very proud indeed.

THE GIRLS' CAMERA CLUB

The Girls' Division of the Coltek Camera Club is rapidly becoming one of the most popular organizations in the school. And why shouldn't it? Under the supervision of Miss Jackson, with Frances Smith as President, Ruby Parr as Vice-President and Margaret Stitt as Secretary-Treasurer, the girls have been striving to make the club's third year in existence, the best. They have certainly succeeded: the sixteen new members have increased the membership to twenty-five. All these girls have been taught how to develop, to print, to enlarge and to tint. The girls have turned over the profits of their Christmas card sale to the Junior Red Cross Funds of the school. Last Autumn the girls hiked out to Duchesne Falls. They took many pictures; some of which were displayed in a photography contest that was held in the school.

In this contest the judges declared Helen Aceti the winner of the prize for the group of water pictures. Frances Smith for indoor portraits and outdoor portraits, Marian Alford for enlarging, animal pictures and landscapes.

We, of the club, are sincerely hoping that the club will continue to increase its membership with each new year and that it will some day rank first and foremost among all the school activities.

MARGARET STITT

GUEST POET

The North Bay Collegiate Institute and Vocational School is honoured to have had as its guest the distinguished Canadian poet, Wilson MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald read to the students a number of his own poems, among them the well known "Song of the Ski," and the one which he claims to be his best "Old Things." Several clever French Canadian selections won special applause from the students.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

One project of the school which is not given the credit it deserves is the annual oratorical contest. It provides a means of learning to speak in public without self-consciousness or hesitancy.

The school contest took place on Feb. 14, 1941, and though all the contestants did remarkably well, W. Reeves and J. Rosborough were chosen as winners.

In the district Contest, on Feb. 26th, this school was not so fortunate however and lost the honours to Michael Fouriezios of Sturgeon Falls High School and to John McCreavy of Scollard Hall.

ARCHERY CLUB



Back Row (Left to Right)—Andy Repol, Erbel Carmicheal, G. Apostle, Fred Baldrate, Richard Valenti.
 Second Row—Ester Smith, Helen MacGillivray, Jean Stewart, Bernice Banbridge, Doris Axler, Helen Duff, Dawn Graham, Eileen Gall.
 Front Row—Allan Nicoll, Jack Hill, George Fiernay, Dick Scott, Kenny Elston.

MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB



Standing (Left to Right)—O. Brigden, J. Sherman, J. Bradfield, D. Demena, F. Baldrate, G. Smith, P. Celentino, E. Graham, E. Lowery.
Sitting (Left to Right)—E. Hayes, C. Scott, H. W. Williams, A. Nicoll, R. Diegel.

THE SOLDIERS' OVERSEAS COMMITTEE

MARIAN ALFORD
GRADE XIII

This committee was formed early in the fall for the purpose of sending boxes to boys serving overseas who at one time attended this school. The organization was first suggested by Miss M. E. Wales of the Teaching Staff and is being enthusiastically endorsed by the entire school.

A committee of six was elected: Miss Wales, Miss Bennett and Mr. Franklin of the Staff and Marian Alford (Collegiate representative) Betty Harris (Comm. Rep.) and Homer Grainger (Vocational Representative). Each week under their supervision, ably assisted by volunteer workers, boxes have been packed by various forms in the school. By February 20, thirty-three boxes had been sent, each containing a wide variety of articles—everything from razor blades and woollen goods to cigarettes and chocolate bars.

Students and teachers are busily knitting up the wool they get from the Committee and to date 46 pairs socks, 16 scarves, 3 sweaters, 4 helmets, 3 pairs mitts, 14 pairs wristlets and 1 pair of gloves, among other articles have been turned in. This wool is paid for by donations from the Staff and Students of the school. Each

form contributes in addition to its own box which is sent to any ex-student Overseas whom they choose.

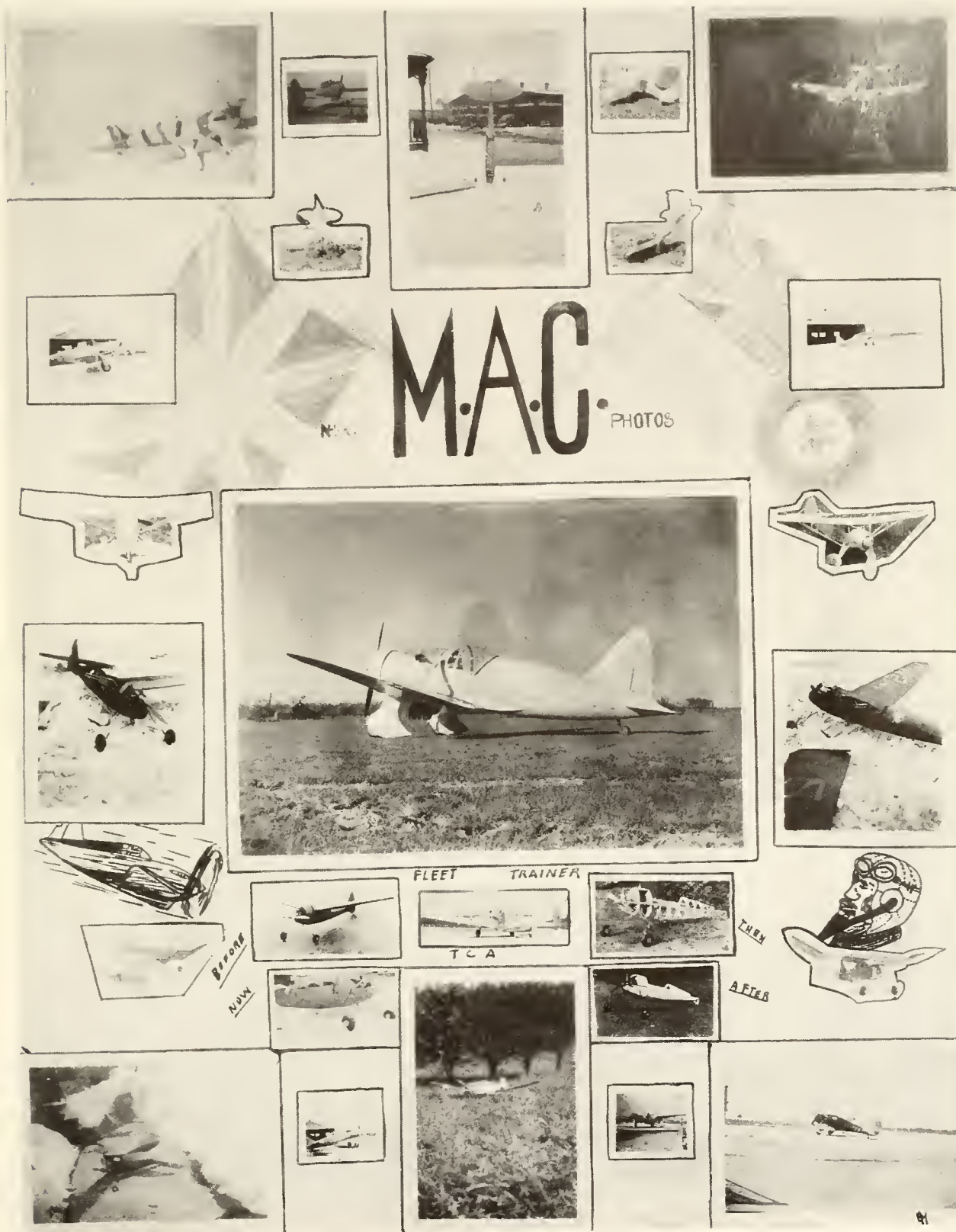
The enthusiastic and grateful response of the recipients has been a source of satisfaction to the committee and has provided them with the incentive to carry on their good work. We hope this Committee will be a fixture in the school for the duration of the War.

SKETCH CLUB

This year, for the first time, a Sketch Club was organized in the school. With the able assistance of Miss Walker, the club progressed very successfully. In the fall the group sketched out-of-doors, and every member is looking forward to the same opportunity this spring.

During the year the club was favoured with addresses, given by two well-known local artists—Miss Dorothea Sweezy and Mr. T. C. Cummings. Both offered many helpful suggestions to the students, and created a really enthusiastic interest in art.

For many years the students have expressed the desire for such an organization. The Sketch Club's initial year was such a success that there is no doubt but that it will be continued in the future.



THE SENIOR BRANCH OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The Senior Branch of the Red Cross Society organized early in the school year with the following executive:

President ----- Norma Herman
Vice-President ----- Esther Smith
Secretary ----- Velma Martin
Treasurer ----- Jean Stewart
Supervisor ----- Miss L. E. Hamer

The activities of the Red Cross Society got under way with the sale of candy at the Annual Hullabaloo and a considerable sum of money was realized. In December the Red Cross Society held a most successful tea dance with members of the orchestra providing the music gratis. Penny Day has been inaugurated throughout the school and the proceeds of this weekly collection are to go to the Red Cross Society, The Overseas Box Fund, and the British War Victim Fund.

The girls have been busy knitting and a large number of knitted goods have been handed over to the Local Branch in North Bay. Two money contributions have also been made, and further activities are also being planned.

The Senior Branch of the Red Cross Society would like to thank Miss Hamer for the time and help she has given in supervising our meetings.

EX-STUDENTS SERVING CANADA OVERSEAS

Cpl. I. J. Beatty -----2nd Canadian Pioneer Battalion
Sapper Chas. H. Brown---No. 1 Canadian G. H. Unit
L/Cpl. S. C. Clement ---No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Pte. Dick Colyer -----No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Sgt. Harry Colyer -----No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Sapper Robert Colyer---No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Pte. Earl K. Davidson---1st Canadian Pioneer Battalion
Pte. Frank Forster ----Royal Regiment of Canada
Lieut. Wm. L. G. Gibson Canadian Military Head-

quarters

Pte. Robt. Hall -----Royal Regiment of Canada
Pte. J. R. Hammond---40 Sq'd'n R. A. F.
Pte. R. G. Holmes-----H.M.C.S. St. Laurent
Sgt. P. W. A. Keech-----R.C.A.F.
Spr. James K. McAuslan No. 1 Training Co. R.C.E.
Spr. Len Mallenson---No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Pte. David S. Mann---Royal Regiment of Canada
Pte. J. Allan Mann---Royal Regiment of Canada
Spr. Gerald MacPherson No. 2 Road Construction Co.
C. Q. M. Sgt.

Lloyd G. McDonald---No. 2 Road Construction Co.
L/Cpl. Edward McKay Royal Regiment of Canada
Pte. Cecil McParland---Royal Hamilton Light Infantry
Pte. Raymond Osborne---2nd Canadian Division Head-

quarters.

Spr. Don Pennell-----No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Spr. M. Pennell-----No. 2 Road Construction Co.
L/Cpl. A. P. Regimbal---No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Spr. Ray Rodier -----2nd Battalion R.C.E.
Spr. I. W. Smith-----No. 2 Road Construction Co.
Spr. E. Wall-----1st Canadian Pioneer Battalion
Spr. Frank West -----No. 1 Canadian General Hold-

ing Unit

Pte. Jos. Whittingham---Royal Regiment of Canada
Sapper Lloyd Williams---2nd Road Construction Co.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR RED CROSS SOCIETIES



Front Row—R. Sarri, M. Beatty, N. Herman, J. Young, B. Holmes, M. Gifford, M. Kuehl, S. Caley.
Second Row—G. Munroe, B. Devonshire, I. Goldthorpe, H. Beirs, D. Ferris, M. Ferris, B. Enborg, M. Stitt.
Back Row: B. Brown, S. Byrnes, S. Hockman, M. Dorschner, E. Smith, R. Parr, J. Stewart, V. Martin, E. Moore.

WHO'S NEW?

Greetings From Newcomers to N. B. C. I. & V. S

PETER L. B. BORTHWICK
XIB COLL.

Last July I was evacuated from Glasgow in Scotland. All I knew was that I was coming to Canada, but had no idea just where I would be sent. We had an uneventful crossing and when I arrived here I was sent to Toronto for two weeks. Then I received the welcome news that I would be sent to North Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Hansman met me at the station and put me at ease at once. I was glad to hear that they had two daughters, who eventually interested me in skiing. As the family are all ardent members of the Ski Club, I in my turn, became a member and liked going out to the Laurentian Club so well that I spent all my spare time out there during the winter.

I arrived in North Bay just in time to start school at the N.B.C.I. and V.S. and soon became a member of the Boys' Camera Club (which by the way is the club in which I am most interested.) I found that the school had fine equipment for the boys' sports too, and students have an exceptionally wide choice of Societies which they may join. It seems that every student is interested in some kind of war effort for which I am particularly thankful. So you see I have many reasons to be glad that I came to the North Bay Collegiate.

EDGAR DIONNE, XIB COLL.

Last year I attended the North Bay Scollard Hall but at New Year's I decided to attend the N.B.C.I. and V.S. I soon learned that I would not regret making this decision for my classmates were very friendly, and eager to suggest that I join some of the Societies in the School in which they were active. The Literary meetings appeal to me particularly for here you can enjoy seeing your class-mates take part in debates or variety programs, and further it is here that you can widen your circle of acquaintances in the Collegiate. The fine teachers and the high standard of education contribute too in making me feel proud to be a pupil in this school.

HELEN DUFF—XIB COLL.

I am from South River, and am attending N.B.C.I. in order to obtain my Honour Matriculation. My hobby is collecting and taking pictures of famous places I have seen.

Since I am in North Bay for the purpose of attending school, naturally the thing that is uppermost in my mind is my school activities. Besides the actual hours spent in academic work in school, I pass many pleasant hours with Miss Jackson and the Camera Club Members.

North Bay provides ample means of entertainment and diversion. The arena, the theatres, the various church clubs, and the city library keep one from being idle.

I feel quite certain that when June arrives I will have many sincere regrets as I leave this friendly and beautiful city.

THE DOUBLE OCTETTE



Back Row: Ethel Foder, Ruby Parr, Virginia Coburn, Mr. Hardwick, Kay Henry, Agnes McCubbin, Corrine Runnals.

Front Row: Mary Forsyth, Olive Gardner, Margaret McKinnon, Iris Neilly, Doris Beatty, Ruth McCubbin, Marie-Claire Morceau.

Absent—Shirley Willoughby, Poppy Apostle, Dorothy Baker.

MAYO HILLIER, XIB COLL.

At the beginning of the New Year it became necessary for me to attend N.B.C.I. and V.S. because my father was transferred to North Bay. Prior to this I attended Malvern C.I. in Toronto. I find the schools entirely different. At Malvern we had a shorter lunch period which necessitated our staying at school. After lunch we were entertained by either dancing or movies in the auditorium. This shorter lunch period allowed us to go home sometimes as early as 2:40 in the afternoon. The social activities in the auditorium made for a more sociable school spirit.

GRACE STRACHAN, XIB COLL.

I came from Barrie where I attended the Barrie Collegiate. We moved here on the 1st of July.

Since this school is twice the size of the Barrie Collegiate, for the first few days I wandered around, lost my way and had to ask directions. On my first day at school in the assembly hall, I was disappointed to hear so many pupils sing so feebly. I have attended N.B.C.I. and V.S. since September, and I haven't heard one school song or yell.

When I heard that the school had a Camera Club I immediately resolved to join. There was nothing like that in Barrie. I like photography and have always wanted to develop and print my own films.

I was asked where I spent most of my spare time. I have spent some time at the Ski Club, only not as much as I would like. The Capitol theatre has collected some of my allowance.

As I like N.B.C.I. and V.S. very much, I hope it likes me.

FORM REPRESENTATIVES



Back Row—Richardson Jacqueline La France, K. Fennell, Ruth Coombes, Betty Desjardins, Jean Waddington, Kenneth Locke, Theresa Grassi, Clive Runnalls, Francis Frair.

First Row—C. Gunning, Joy Kennedy, Bob Wales, Eleanor Rennick, Andrew Repol, Pearl Longe.

ALUMNI

EUNICE WATLING

The year 1940 has passed and we find ourselves living in a country at War. In this past year, boys and girls have passed out of our Alma Mater to take their place as young men and women in a country at War. What are they doing to help? Assisted by the knowledge gained at N.B.C.I. & V.S., many have taken their place in business, helping to keep the wheels of industry turning. Some are seeking higher fields of knowledge, in order to be well equipped to take their place. Others have answered the call of service to our Empire in her hour of need. All in their own way, are doing their part for King and Country.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT

Angus, Mary	Toronto East General Hospital	Otto, Lloyd	Imperial Bank
Avery, Kathleen	Nurse-in-training, Ottawa Civic Hospital	Percival, Charles	Normal School
Bainbridge, Florence	Normal School	Preece, Gordon	Capitol Theatre, Treasurer
Barret, George	Toronto	Rankin, Betty	Shaw's Business College, Toronto
Beattie, Edgar	R. C. A. F.	Reddaway, Gordon	T. & N. O., Call Boy
Becks, Douglas	Timmins	Robertson, Ellen	Normal School
Bedard, Paul	Kiosk	Rivet, Mark	St. Michael's College, Toronto
Biggs, Bill	Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph	Ross, Charlotte	MacDonald Hall, Guelph
Bothwell, Lillian	Nurse-in-training, Ottawa Civic Hospital	Rothwell, Marion	Normal School
Brown, Roberta	At Home	Rowed, Lesley	Business College, Edmonton
Castagne, Noella	Nurse-in-training, Ottawa Civic	Smith, Rena	Guelph Agricultural College
Charlton, Ross	R. C. A. F.	Stewart, Clare	Toronto
Cherry, Harold	Toronto University	Thacker, Douglas	Ottawa
Cummings, Bill	Toronto University	Thoms, Olive	North Bay Business College
Duff, Jim	Toronto University	Thompson, Ruth	North Bay Business College
de Pencier, Muriel	Nurse-in-training, Hamilton General	Thomson, Iras	At Home
Duquette, Fred	R. C. A. F.	Watson, Allan	Toronto University
Elliott, Clayton	Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps	Whitham, Lyle	Toburn Mine, Kirkland Lake
Grassick, Nancy	Queen's University, Kingston	Willoughby, Bert	T. & N. O.
Haggart, Grace	At Home	Wyatt, Jim	R. C. A. F.
Hall, Donald	Toronto University	Yeates, Margaret	Normal School
Herman, Ralph	European Linens, Toronto	McLean, Ronnie	R. C. A. F.
Hughes, Howard	R. C. A. F.		
Hunt, Harry	Bell Telephone Co.		
Jenkins, Francis	At Home		
Jennings, Eleanor	St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto		
Jennings, Pat	R. C. A. F.		
Johnston, George	City Hall		
Jones, Lloyd	R. C. A. F.		
Kannegiesser, Dorothy	Sally Ann Bake Shop		
Keech, Bill	R. C. A. F.		
Kennedy, Robert	Blue Sunoco Service Station		
Kirk, Gordon	Taylor's Grocery		
Lydford, Jack	Bank of Nova Scotia		
Major, Bertha	Normal School		
McGibbon, Lois	Normal School		
McKenney, Harvey	At Home		
McKenzie, Jean	Shaw's Business College, Toronto		
McKinnon, Doris	Normal School		
Morgan, Catharan	Western Hospital, Toronto, Nurse-in-training		
Morgan, Jack	Bank of Commerce		
Moore, Geraldine	Normal School		
Moyer, Bill	Toronto University		
Nichols, Doreen	Bell Telephone Co.		
Ostrom, Pauline	Nurse-in-training, Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto		

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Belanger, Laurette	Dr. Guest's Office
Buckley, Clifford	Canadian National Railways
Conroy, Robert	Bell Telephone Co. Lineman
Dowdall, Dorothy	Tilley Law Office Stenographer
Finnegan, Gladys	Richardson's Hardware Stenographer
Fraser, Thelma	R. C. A. F. Recruiting Office Stenographer
Gigg, Edmund	War Classes Secretary
Gittins, Elva	Walker's Store Stenographer
Hammel, Verdella	City Hall Typist
Huff, Lorne	C. P. R. Stenographer
Hull, Florence	At Home
Johnston, Edna	John Kennedy Stenographer
Labreche, Gerald	Bannon Bros.
Letts, Pearl	Dominion Civil Service Stenographer
Meecham, Gladys	At Home
Parfit, Dorothy	At Home
Preece, James	Canadian National Railways
Prior, Mary	Milady Salon Operator
Quirt, Mervyn	T. & N. O.
Russel, Beatrice	National Grocers, Stenographer
Saari, Oswald	T. & N. O. Englehart
Sauvie, Jennie	At Home
Seguin, Irene	A. & P. Cashier
Stewart, Jean	Sol Waiser's
Thorpe, Berta	White's Sport Shop Stenographer
Tiernay, Robert	Canadian National Railway Station
Trounsell, Kathleen	Silverwoods Stenographer
Wright, Genevieve	Canadian Department Stores

On Time

George T.: "How does that watch go you bought from me?"

Jerry M.: "Absolutely fine. It does an hour in 50 minutes."

Mr. Pargeter: "What is the unit of electric power, Davis?"

R. Davis: (not paying attention) "The what, sir?"

Mr. Pargeter: "Exactly, the watt; very good."

Things We'd Like to Know

What happened to the corner of the cupboard next to Kitchen's desk?

And why was Mr. Psutka nursing a sore left hand?

Why teachers can't distinguish between Art and Eugene Fournier?

Who is the most popular lad in this class—can it be Cangiano, Dwyer, or Gallardi?

Will R. Davis ever keep quiet?

Will Maxwell ever be on time?

Will Perna ever leave Cangiano alone?

Will Dwyer ever learn to play basketball?

MR. C. K. CARRINGTON ROBERT FOISY, *Repre.*

GRADE IXF**IXF in 20 Years**

Otto—65

Shields—*professional debator.*

Thomson—a *snoopy reporter.*

Z. Brown—a *Zulu warrior.*

B. Brown and W. Mackey—*still in IXF*

M. Weisman—*reached page 82 in "Prester John".*

Nadon—an *aeroplane designer.*

Sinclair and Kennedy—a *reducing gym.*

Moyer—*speedy dressing invention.*

Rubinovitch—*writing 1st form exams.*

Stockdale—*forgetting what day it is.*

Teacher's Favourites

Miss Walker—"That boy down in the third row, turn around in your seat."

Mr. Wert—"Now boys."

Mr. Firth—"We were dealing with-----."

Voltage

Mr. Carrington: What makes Francis Brown sick on Friday?

Sunny Boy Mison: Electricity.

Mr. Carrington Smirks.

MISS WALES JOAN MACGREGOR, *Representative*
GRADE XA COLLEGIATE

When collegiate's hardy boys fall into line,
We're going to win again this time.
It's for the dear old school we love so well,
It's for the dear old school we yell, yell, yell,
We're going to fight, fight, fight, with all our
might,

Till this old game is won for the green and white.

—S. Jackson—

Jokes

Miss Walton was gently criticizing Olive C.'s composition on the Hawaiian Islands.

"It was very good Olive, only you started off in the field of pineapples, and got lost in the moonlight."

MISS MORGAN GEORGE RICHARDSON, *Rep.*
GRADE XB COLLEGIATE

What The Teachers Say To Us

1. Mr. Psutka, "Teams one and two will now play basketball."
2. Miss Wales, "I wish I could get all of your attention at once."
3. Mr. Carrington, "Shall we stay after four."
4. Mr. Hardwick, "Quiet please."

FLASH: Bert Greg uses Lux. While discussing the trade between United States and Canada he asked Miss Morgan if he could still get Lux.

Who We Have in XB

1. Harry Whitham and John Hrutka, members of Senior Rugby Team.
2. E. Hayes and K. Henderson belong to the Boy's Camera Club.
3. Jack Church (Pres.)
Walford Reeves and Max Reid make marionettes for the Marionette Club.
4. Lyall Beattie is a member of the school orchestra.
5. J. Church, G. Otto and E. Hayes belong to the Airplane Club.

"How hollow it sounds," said James L. to the doctor sounding his chest. "Oh, that's nothing," said the doctor, "Wait till we get to the head."

John H. "Did you hear about George T.'s economy?"

Bill F. "No, let's hear it."

John H. "Well he fries his bacon in Lux so it won't shrink."

When macaroni grows on ice-cream trees,
When Sahara sands are muddy,
When cats and dogs wear over shoes—
That's when I'd like to study.

L. WRAITH, XB COLLEGIATE

Camouflage

Mackey: "Are these socks all wool?"

Clerk: "Yes sir."

Mackey: "Then why does that card you took off of them say, 'Cotton Mixture?'"

Clerk: "Oh, we have to do that in order to deceive the moths."

Where to Find Them

Miss Morgan: "Can anyone tell me where to find mangoes?"

Bud White: "Yes, Miss Morgan—where woman goes!"

Making Sure

Jack Chuch: "I see you have two pair of glasses, Professor."

Glenn Ward: "Three. One for distant sight, one for reading, and one to look for the other two."

Young Troy

There is a young fellow named Troy,
Who got a bright new toy,
Through lack of attention
He got a detention
That poor little fellow, named Troy.

Native Doyle

Frank Doyle was pounding his desk in French period.

B. Whittingham, "That's the native in Doyle."

Frenchman to His Fiance

Henri: "Je t'adore! Je t'adore!"

Grace: "Heck I didn't know it was open."

Mr. Baker after returning an old coin to a student which he had borrowed to show other classes.

Mr. Baker: You are lucky you are getting this back son. Someone went through my pockets last night and all they left was this old coin.

Lindsay: Sir; are you married?

A rumour has been going around that little Ernie Kennedy has taken an 8-day Atlas course and can now lift every wrench in Mr. Thomson's room.

Reassurance

The water was somewhat rough as a ferryman piloted a party across a river. A nervous traveller asked whether any persons had ever been lost in that river. "No," replied the ferryman, "you see we allus finds 'em again the next day."

Under Cover

Miss Wales to Carr during examination: "Cover up your work Carr. I only want one edition of the same paper."

Cheers

Pupil to Mr. Hardwick: "When are we going to have our French exam?"

Mr. Hardwick: "When you are ready for it."

Pupil: "Hurray! No more exams."

Grammar

Mr. Hardwick to student: "Did you throw that book?"

Student: "It wasn't me."

Mr. Hardwick correcting: "It wasn't I."

Student: "It may not have been you, but it wasn't me either."

Boy: Say, Church, lend me the answers to those questions we had.

Church: If you knew who I was out with last night you'd know I haven't them done.

Teacher: Hayes, give me a definition of a fishing net.

Hayes: A what sir?

Teacher: A fishing net, sleepy.

Hayes: Oh--oh--A fishing net is a bunch of holes tied together with pieces of string.

Mr. Psutka: What are those little white things in your head that bite?

Warren: Sir, I don't know.

Mr. Psutka: "Why, Warren, they're your teeth!"

MR. W. E. DEWAR K. FENNELL, *Representative.*
GRADE XC COLLEGIATE

The Truth

"I'm saying to you Adolphy
I'm saying to you to-day
Why is it that the British
They are so awfully gay?"

"What's that you say Benito?
What's that you say to me?
Could this be the answer?
'Cause I cannot cross the sea'."

"Right you are Adolphy.
Right you are my dear.
Why is it that the Air Force
To your land they come so near?"

"You ask that Benito?
You ask that of a man?
I guess cause for my country that
I have no defence plan."

"Right you are Adolphy,
Adolphy that is right
But Adolphy why don't you invade
That isle with all your might?"

"You dare ask that Benito?
You dare ask that you goat?
You know I can't invade that isle
With just one single boat."

Miss Walton in a loud voice: "Coburn!"

Don: (rather meekly) "Y-Y-Yes Miss Walton."

Miss Walton: "What have you in your mouth?"

Don: "N-Nothing just now."

Miss Walton: "Well I saw you chewing something."

Don: "Yes you did, but you scared me so much I swallowed it."

Favourite Sayings

Mr. Hardwick — "Tais Toi" (Quiet!)

Mr. Dewar — Have you this work done?

Miss Gardner — "Shoulders back, chests out, stomach in."

Miss Wales — "You don't know anything about the work now, and you won't when I'm finished."

Mrs. Hoey — "45 minutes ----?"

Mr. Hardwick to Freda: (incidentally she is copying from Diane's paper during a French Test) "Freda! I hope I didn't see you looking at Diane's paper."

Freda: "I hope you didn't either."

Miss Walton to Don Cobourn: "Don! Use 'I' in a sentence."

Don: "I is ----"

Miss Walton: "No Don, you should say 'I am'."

Don: "I am the ninth letter in the alphabet."

As You All Know

XI C Coll. has another outstanding poem writer in the person of Marjorie Unger. She has just completed two sensational new poems which she has agreed to let the Northland Echo publish for your benefit.

The first poem "A Cabin in the Pines" was written by Miss Unger after she had been strolling with a certain young man, and as they were walking they passed a cabin surrounded by pines. The second poem "Haunting Shadows" was written under different circumstances. Miss Unger with her note book was watching a fashion show when the shadows of the models stirred her mind and prompted her to write this poem.

The First Poem

A Cabin in the Pines

Up on the hills topping the sky
A bluebird is singing a lullaby;
And in these hills standing all alone
Is a one story cabin built of stone;
And oh! The sweet smell of birch and pine
With silver tipped leaves that twist and shine.
And down by the path is a winding creek,
A rendezvous shelter such as all lovers seek;
And oh! In the evening when the moon is sublime,
There comes to your nostrils, the smell of sweet pine.
Here the dawn has its magic too,
When the sun appears in a bed of blue;
And the morning-glory spreads its lovely fan,
And sits in the sun to get all the heat it can.
So if you are tired, and need some quick
Stop at Pine Cabin,—don't pass by it!

Haunting Shadows

Sometimes when a shadow crosses my path,
 As shadows sometimes do,
 I think back to the good old days
 When I strolled this path with you;
 And oft times when I close my eyes,
 I see your sweet dear face,
 Then you're gone again into the skies,
 And I sit and stare into space.
 Ah yes! When a shadow crosses my path,
 As you know they often do,
 My heart leaps back to those happy days,
 When I strolled this path with you.

MR. S. HARDWICK

The Scots Return

'Twas a bonnie Highlander came home,
 Sick leave we've heard it said,
 And a bonnie lass at the Junction
 Was the ailment that he had
 For as he lay with fevered brow
 He pined and pined until
 The orderly was forced to allow him leave,
 He was so ill!
 And then he came this Highlander,
 To see his bonnie lass
 Well, he could 'nae wait to see her,
 So he called her from the class.
 Then she grew pale, 'twas her bonnie lad
 Of Regiment forty-eight.
 And next he asked her if,—
 Weel—with him she'd make a date!
 And she answered in the affirmative
 With deepest of concern
 And she floated back with dreamy looks
 No time for thought for us or books,
 Her laddie had returned!

XIA GAZETTE

Editors	Weather Forecast:
Marion Constant	Week Days Stormy
Clyve Runnalls	Week Ends Pleasant
Fifth Columnists	

Radio Guide 1961

- 8 a.m. S.O.S.—Dot Lewis on proper posture.
 8.01 a.m. C.B.L.—Dagwood Laing on how to keep fit.
 9 a.m. CFCH—Doreen's Kooking Klass starring Bob Marshall's Pea Soup.
 10 a.m. NBC—"Nelly" Orton at the console.
 12 Noon X. Y. Z.—Instruction on Demeza's laugh by Pinky Demeza.
 5 p.m. W. O. W.—Don Beaumont's Goody Gum Drop Hour.
 6 p.m. W. T. R.—News by Jinny and Gracie.
 7 p.m. S. O. K. — Chilly Childerhose's dinner music.
 8 p.m. C. A. T.—The Pool Room by Miss Cue.
 9 p.m. A. B. C.—Goo Smith on how to avoid detentions.
 10 p.m. N. U. T. S.—Gerry Hill and his North Range Harmonicas.
-

Sport Static

IIIA CARRIES OFF BOY'S AND GIRL'S PENNANTS

In a sensational finish IIIA seized both field day pennants in the annual competition held at Amelia Park.

The boys won a total of eighty points or better. Led by Bob Marshall who captured the Senior Championship with eight firsts, our form gave a very creditable showing. Mark Guppy and Pryce Moorehouse placed second and third respectively in the intermediate class.

Wonders of the World

1. If Torrance had the right book.
 2. If Mac had any book.
-

Wiles

If I serve him T-bone steak,
 And a luscious peach shortcake,
 If I invitingly prepare
 Slippers, pipe and easy chair,
 If I nestle at his knee
 And look at him adoringly,
 Do you suppose my man will guess
 The scene is set for a new dress?

Oh Johnny,

It's Been So Long but Could I Forget You?
 I Thought About You ever since I was a Girl
 with the Pigtails in My Hair. There I Go,
 thinking of Blueberry Hill Where Two Dreams
 Met. I know I'll Never Smile Again till the
 Swallows Come Back to Capistrano.

Thanks a Million for sending me Orchids for Remembrance. When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain, I will sit in my Solitude looking at the Blue Moon, and listening to the Chapel Bells.

When I see You Again, I'll think It's a Wonderful World. The First Time We Met With the Wind and the Rain in my Hair, I saw Lilacs in the Rain.

Good-bye my Lover.

Won't You Hurry Home.

Faithful Forever,

Sierra Sue.

Jokes

Diner: What on earth is this broth made from, water? Surely it isn't chicken broth?

Waiter: Well, sir, it's chicken broth in its infancy. It's made out of the water the eggs were boiled in.

Three proprietors of chicken farms were being questioned by an S. A. man.

"What do you feed your hens?" he asked the first.

"Corn."

"You're under arrest! We use corn to feed people!"

The second overheard this conversation and replied to the same question:

"Corn husks."

"You're under arrest! We use the husks to make cloth. And you?" he said, turning to the third.

The latter replied,

"I give my hens the money and tell them to go and buy their own food!"

Limericks

Annabelle had a face like a dream
Her voice never raised to a scream
But retiring at night
Her face was a sight
For her skin was all blemished with cream.

A fat man just hasn't much chance
To impress the fair sex at a dance
When they played the "Paul Jones"
The air fills with groans
And he always ends up in short pants.

There was a young girl up the river
Whose parents once sent her for liver
She went to the show
And spent all her dough
Now her parents will never forgive her.

There was a young Miss from Decatah
Who thought she'd sing in the theatah.
The poor little thing
When she got up to sing
Got hit with a rotten tomatah!

XII A FORM NOTES

MRS. B. HOEY

J. MOORE

Jokes

Torrance: I hear Wigston's playing for the rugby team. What position does he play?

Cappadocia: I think he's one of the draw-backs.

Colonel: And, my man, how many children have you?

Private: 4 boys and 5 girls, sir.

Colonel: Ah, 9 altogether.

Private: Oh, no sir, just *one* at a time.

Mr. Hardwick: The four of you can come to-night for a detention.

A Voice: Ah, a foursome for bridge.

Clark (from Callander): May I have this dance?

Girl: No thanks, I don't square dance.

Mr. Hardwick (translating): "When I hold her in my arms she is like a beautiful statue." (and maybe as cold too).

Quiz: What did the bartender say to the ghost?—"Rumboogie".

What did one ink drop say to the other?—"My father's up in the pen."

"For how long?"

"Oh, just a short sentence."

What's the similarity between a dress and a composition?

It must be brief, concise and cover the subject.

So!

Miss Hamer: What causes nervous breakdowns?

Mary Kelly: Giving oral compositions.

Favorite Expressions of 4A

Martyn when he gets an exam back—"Gulp".

Cappadocia—"I coulda got more."

Betty Holmes—"I wasn't doing nothing."

Rosborough—"Now in my opinion--"

Lost yesterday

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever.

SCHOOL DAZE XII B COLL.

MR. T. FIRTH

RUTH COOMBES

Peeved Peever

The little dark-eyed gal you often see gazing dreamily at a certain curly-headed laddie is Irene Peever, who, wants to be a nurse. Does he find rugby that rough, Irene?

Dey ain't no moe now!

Moe Mitchell is the tall dark fella who disagrees with Mr. Firth, when he says "diamonds can't be picked up on the street."

The Boy I left behind me!

That sweet auburn-haired gal from Haileybury is M. Fleming whose spare time is almost all spent writing letters to a *friend* (?) in Quebec.

Weegar the Eager

Weegar is our star basketball player and plays his best games when a cute dark girl from "Special" is present to cheer him on.

Sees only Red

Bob Dickey is the guy who prefers red-heads to any other heads. We can't say we blame him—

For Pete's Sake

M. Mitchell is the girl you'll find over at the "Arena Lunch" every night. Is it the food that's so good or is it Pete?

Romeo Rooms

That tall dark and dimpled romeo is Hamilton who thinks Toronto is wonderful. Can it be the big stores that attract him?—or----???

Where have you heard this before?

Miss Hamer: I'm not going on with this talking!

Miss Walton: Come after four for continual, persistent and incessant talking!

Miss Gliddon: Do you want to go down to the office Weegar?

Mr. Dewar: Because it is a side issue, we'll put it on the side board.

Mr. Firth: Put it in the basket, Hamilton!

Mr. Psutka: Where are O'Donnell, Frair and Mitchell?

Mrs. Hoey: Think with your head and not with your feet!

Mr. Williams: Girls dismiss!—(Ten minutes later)—Oh, pardon me, all right, lads!

Mrs. Scott: Well, now, you *look* like an intelligent lot—(Guess she didn't know IV B Coll.)

The Nuts

First Member of a Mental Institution: Have you got a firm hold on that paint brush?

Second Member of M.I.: Yes.

First Member: Well, hang on because I'm going to take the ladder away.

A Coward—One who in a perilous emergency, thinks with his legs.

The End

It would soon be over; he looked at the pistol, fingered the trigger and sighed. Why must it all end? Why did not time stop in its eternal flight? He looked about him—a sea of faces—hilarious—hardly realizing that within a few moments he would end it all. Why did they stare at him so? He'd show them—the pistol. That was it. He raised it toward his head, took a last deep breath and fired; a woman screamed; the play was over!

Eternity

Miss Gliddon (very cross 'cause nobody knew their French) "At this rate we won't be finished this book for five years."

Mitchell (perplexed): "Please, Miss Gliddon I can't wait that long."

Just Wait

Miss Walton—Ceasar was the strongest man on earth. (supposedly) He could lift two men in armor at the same time.

Voice in the wilderness—He's got nothing on Demarco. Look at the weight he carries around!

Contagion

Thelma Durrell is the little skier who always seems to feel ill Wednesday afternoons. Odd how Smitty gets the same feeling.

A Note on Hill

Why does B. Hill make so many trips to the pencil sharpener. Is it to sharpen his pencil or drop notes on a certain desk nearby—which is it Hill?

The Same Old Story

German class—Roll call for continued classes 4 to 4:45 p.m.



Miss Gliddon

Comments

Armstrong: I didn't do a thing!
 Beaumont: What's the big idea?
 Lowry: Hey, just a minute.
 Sherman: What did I do now?
 Laing: I wuz workin' all the time.
 MacIntyre: I wuz workin'-----
 Gross: Can't stay. Gotta work to-night.
 Grace: I, uh, have to go to play practice.
 Torrance: I've an appointment with the dentist.
 Marshall: Hey, did she call my name?
 Hill: She missed me.
 June: Oh! She got me (Butch)
 Smith: Again----aw, what th'----

GRADE XIII

MISS M. GLIDDON

BILL BROWN, *Repre.*

Dumb?

Mr. Firth (To V Form Chem. Class): "This class reminds me of Koffee Hag—90% of the active element has been removed from the bean."

Easy, Next Time

Miss Jackson: "What's this line?"

Justice: "Oh, that's a perpendicular I dropped."

Miss Jackson: "Well don't let it fall so heavily next time, it's all bent."

Intelligence

A budding First Former desiring to show off her new found knowledge in Algebra asked: "what does 1B and 1B make?"

"Well," answered the Fifth Form Biology student after due deliberation, "Off-hand I'd say they made honey."

It Can't Be Love

Cherico "For the last three nights I've been dreaming of Marceau."

Duquette, "Oh! So you've been having nightmares."

Not so good

Miss Hamer (After Brown finishes reading his composition) "According to your style, Brown, our age is later than the middle age. In fact one might call it the 'muddle' age."

Could Be

Mr. Firth: Now we will name the relative of a buttercup.

Herman: Er—I guess he means Toots and Casper.

Weather Along the Halls

Mrs. Hoey: Cool to-day and for the rest of the term.

Miss Hamer: Cool to-day with scattered thunder storms.

Miss Gliddon: Fair to-day, to-morrow who knows?

Miss Jackson: Fair to-day and to-morrow.

Mr. Dewar: A steady cool breeze.

Mr. Firth: Fair to-day and to-morrow with unexpected outbursts.

Mr. Wallace: Fair with unexpected changes to either extreme.

Simple?

Marceau asked Mr. Wallace for a day off.

"A day off," said Mr. Wallace. "Don't you know that every day is a holiday. There are 365 days in a year. You sleep 8 hours a day or 122 days a year, that leaves 243 days. Your summer holidays are 3 months or 90 days, that leaves 153 days. Your Xmas and Easter holidays take in 20 days there are now only 133 days left. There are about 6 other Civic holidays, leaving 127 days. You have 1½ hours off for dinner, that is 23 days which leaves 104 days. You have Saturday and Sunday off making the remaining 104 days. So since all you do is loaf you can do it here as well as any other place."

Special Boners

I will live on like the tide.

So here's our line up for the year,

Our Fifth Form personnel,

From the student in the highest gear

To the lowest ne'rdowell.

Ruby Parr has quite a brain,

And Barlow has one too,

But the teacher's heart is filled with pain,

When Chirico is through.

Yours truly is the biggest pain

He's worse than Chirico

And right behind him like a train

Came Nicol and Marceau.

In science class we are a blight;

If it weren't for a guy named Moe

Mr. Firth would die of fright
 Our answers scare him so.
 But through it all we stand intact,
 United in a group.
 Our fame is an established fact
 In the intellectual loop.
 When our successors read this poem
 In a thirtieth century storm
 They will compare with Caesar's Rome
 The fame of our Fifth Form.

Miss Duff: Does this train stop at South River, conductor?

Conductor: Well, if it doesn't there'll be quite a splash.

Parashot:

Miss Hamer: How do they make the silk of a parachute strong enough to support the weight of a jumper.

Russ. Stephenson (undertone) They feed the silkworms spinach!

XA COMM.

MISS A. WALKER MARION FERGUSON, *Rep.*

Two girls standing in the corridor having a little chat.

"Miss Gardner has a special crush on I. O'Hare."

"How come?"

"She wanted her to stay after four so they can walk arm in arm around the corridors."

Miss Walker, talking to Iris Stevenson: "What happened to your arm, Iris?"

"I fell and sprained it yesterday."

"I think that's just as bad as a break, don't you."

"I don't know; I haven't tried that yet."

IIA Commercial's Overseas Box

During the month of October and November the pupils of IIA Comm. have experienced the joy of preparing an overseas box. They put forth every effort to assist the issue. There is one point which I wish and must emphasize and that is IIA's knitting. It is lovely. Scarves, wristlets, and socks have literally been pouring in. The knitting shows pains-taking care. They have done and I am sure that they are still doing marvellously with their war work.

Into our box went food, knitted articles, tobacco and shaving articles. We fully intend to send out another box later on and it will be even better than the first. We only hope that Sapper Robert Colyer, to whom it was sent, enjoys receiving it as much as we have enjoyed collecting and packing the material.

BY ERIN LEE

Between you and me

Going into Mr. Baker's room one day, found *broken-hearted* written in extra large letters on the board.

Mr. Baker, in his dramatic way: "Now girls, I don't mean you."

XB COMM.

MR. R. E. FRANKLIN KEN LOCKE, *Repre.*

Ten Years Hence (1915)

That will be the day

Tony Celentino becomes a grad.
 Louie Nunner grows two inches.
 Cecil Cole starts to shave.
 Moe Otto comes to school on time.
 Rodney McAuley's hair turns white.
 Beryl Enborg does her homework.
 Lorne Smiley is either the "Outdoor Boy" or "Fresh Air Fiend". He likes the windows open.
 Robert Gillies wants to know if the flight of time is speeded by the spur of the moment.
 Why do all the female teachers call Grant Darling by his first name?

XI COMM.

MR. J. E. BAKER Eleanor Rennick, *Representative.*
 1940-41

Wanted:

Wanted by Jack White
 Some one to love,
 Some one to kiss and caress,
 Some one who'll keep all my buttons sewed on,
 And see that my clothes are in press.
 Wanted by D. Baldassarro
 Some one to love,
 Some one to boss and guide,
 Who can cook, and scrub, and use the wash tub,
 And lug all the coal in besides.
 Wanted by A. Rivet
 Some one to love,
 Some one to hug and to squeeze,
 Some one to blame and never complain.

Why:

Why: Does Audrey Buchanan go around singing "Shoot the Sherbert to me Herbert?" It hasn't anything to do with Herbie Anderson has it Audrey?

Why: Does Beatrice Simm's face turn red every time George Howard strolls by?

Why: Does Donald McLeod come to school so cheerfully some mornings? Would it have anything to do with those letters from "Jackie."

Why: Does Dora Carmichael Trip the Light Fantastic every time she gets on 2nd floor?

Why: Does Beryl like getting letters from Grenville N. C. What's Grenville got that North Bay hasn't?

Why: Doesn't Mr. Foster teach IIIA that lesson he promised to so long ago—Apples are getting scarce now you know.

News of the Day

1. Helen Tyers wasn't late.
 2. Beatrice stopped looking at Howard.
 3. Baldassaro didn't have a detention.
 4. Helen Schell didn't chew gum.
 5. Marjorie Lovell forgot Jerry.
 6. Jack White wasn't so bashful.
 7. A. Rivet didn't argue.
 8. Campbell didn't have something to say.
-

A Story

It was a Black night and the snow was very White. I went to the Baker to get some dough, but he said he was all Tyers out and didn't McKenny. So I went into the Cole and dreamed of Summerhayes. It was useless because it was Howard to imagine on a Knight like this, so I Rennick all the way. I met a salesman who said:

"Use Schell motor oil, it Maxwell hear."

So his car McLeod noise Anderson of the Baker came with some Dwyer to tie on the loose Rivet in the car door.

Teacher's Sayings:

Mr. Franklin: You're getting dumber every day.

Mr. Foster: This is an extra special class.

Mr. Baker: I wonder if we could go through a day without a late.

Miss McNamara: This class is just hopeless. Now what will you do when you go out into the business world and you-----

XI COMM.**Parsing**

Mr. Baker: "Parse the sentence, 'George married Shirley'."

Grant: "George is a noun because he's the name of something; married is a conjunction because it joins George to Shirley; and Shirley is a verb because she governs the noun."

Glod To Meter

"Dear," said Audré, the poet, "I think we'd make a good couplet."

"Well," sighed Vivian, "don't think I'm averse."

Brother Never Owned One

Campbell: "You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your brother is going to school."

White: "Not on your life. Let him walk, the same as I did."

If

During Mathematics period:

Shirley: "What would you have to-day if woman had not been created?"

Howard: "One more rib."

How To Tell

Clarette Granger: "Dutchy how can you tell an old chicken from a young one?"

Dutchy: "By the teeth."

Clarette: "How silly! A chicken has no teeth."

Dutchy: "No, but I have."

Florence McKenny: "Did you see my photo in the paper yesterday?"

Eula Summerhayes: "No, what were you cured of?"

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

MISS E. MACNAMARA JEAN WADDINGTON, *Rep.*

Ouch!

Ida: I've changed my mind.

Molly: Does it work any better?

SPECIAL IS STILL WONDERING who got the best of the feud, Skellern and Vinette were scheduled to have way back in November. We didn't notice any black eyes the next days. Did you ever get your books back, Leo?

Anita: If a bomb fell in a field and a bull ate it, what is an adjective to describe it?

Barbara C: I'll bite. What?

Anita: Abominable. And if the bomb exploded?

Barbara: Okay. Spill it.

Anita: Noble.

School Daze Is Right

Did anyone notice the dazed expression Betty Harris was wearing before Christmas? That was because she was dying to be Whitham. Did it seem long, Betty?

Oh, Doris!

As Doris Beattie says after 3 years of Algebra in the Collegiate Department: "Algebraic symbols are used when you don't know what you're talking about."

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT MURPH? He carries a lot of weight with the teachers as well as in his shoes.

Remember The Day?

When Vel Martin had all the girls dying to read a leaflet about "Eleven Ways to Win Your Man." But were they let down when they found out it was eleven cheese recipes!

When Miss Walker asked Jenkins to run up the blind for her.

When Mr. Foster blamed the moon for the fact we didn't have our homework done. We have come to the conclusion that Mr. Foster knows Special pretty well.

When the gramophone broke down and Special typed the same line about ten times before they woke up.

When Miss Walker told us she ran across a friend one day. Miss Walker, how could you be so heartless!

ISN'T IT QUEER how Barbara McGonegal absolutely insists on getting a front seat in Assembly? Maybe the exquisite colours of that Jeep sweater in 4B attract her. Purple and orange are a perfect combination, aren't they Barb?

SPECIAL'S STILL LAUGHING about the story of how one of our dashing colleagues was called down to the office only to find an invitation to a Christmas dance awaiting him. Wonder if it's been done before? Trust Special to be original, eh Reg?

Ain't It The Truth?

We hear Dawn Overholt's been doing quite a bit moonlight skiing lately. Is it the moon? the skiing or what? that get's her.

Special Boners

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

Rhubarb is a kind of celery gone bloodshot. A sinister is an old maid.

A Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels.

Average means something hens lay on.

Magnet is a thing you find in a bad apple.

An octopus is a person who hopes for the best.

A toreador is a really bad storm.

A spinster is a bachelor's wife.

You Said It!

Why don't angels in heaven have moustaches?

Because men only get to heaven with a close shave.

Hold Tight!

Of course, everyone in Special has at least one of those "what-did-the-something-say-to-the-something-else" up his sleeve. Here's some of them:

What did the big fire-cracker say to the little fire-cracker?—My pop is bigger than your pop.

What did the beach say to the tide?—Well, come on in.

What did one owl say to the other in the rain?—It's not too-wet-to-woo.

What did the rug say to the floor?—Stick-em-up! I've got you covered.

What did the grass seed say to the sod?—I wanta be a-lawn.

What did the calf say to the silo?—Is my fodder in there?

Overheard In Special

Mr. Foster: "This'll kill you, if those other 160 exercises don't." (Say it with a smile.)

Biff Gigg: "Ain't lost yet!"

Mr. Franklin: "Got that?"

Miss MacNamara: "TIME!!!"

Miss Gardner: "Now SPECIAL---and etc."

Scotty Skellern: "Going skating to-night?"

Betty McGonegal: "Everything happens to me!"

Mr. Psutka: (When the class is marching in single file) "By the left, smartly now, quick march."

Special Commercial

S is for Sorry we entered this room,
 P is for Pupils who foresee their doom.
 E is for Elderlies still on this course,
 C is for Commerce, we learn of full force.
 I is for Idiots who don't even mind,
 A is for Answers they can't seem to find.
 L is for Laggards, we always come late.
 C is for Corpses, that'll be our fate.
 O is for Orders, letters and bills.
 M is for Money spent on our pills.
 M is for Millions of letters we type,
 E is for Errors we make in them—Yipe !!
 R is for Ready to get out at five,
 C is for Cheers that we are still alive.
 I is for Irritating—all of our work,
 A is for Attitude—done with a smirk.
 L is for Love we send to you all—
 Hoping to see you again here next Fall.

By—Molly M.

Caught!

Reg, even if your girlfriend is sentimental, it is still no excuse for advertising it the way you did one Monday. And don't tell us it was red ink, either. Was it cherry? raspberry? or did you notice?

FORM IXG

MR. J. R. THOMSON DAVE JOHNSTON, *Repre.*

Indecisive Visitor: "And how old are you, Bobbie?" Bobbie D.: "I'm just at the awkward age." Visitor: "Really? And what do you call the awkward age?" Bobbie D.: "I'm too old to cry and too young to swear."

HOME JAMES Drunk: (to a splendidly uniformed by-stander.) "Shay, call me a cab will you?" Uniformed by-stander: "My good man, I am not a doorman, I am a naval officer." Drunk: "Aw right, then call me a boat. I gotta get home."

THE STOOGES A friend talking to a badly wounded comrade. "Say friend, why are you so shot up?" "Well, I was zig-zagging bullets". "How come you got hit?" "Well, I zigged when I should have zagged."

KNEW HIS FATHER Mother: "So, son, you are going to marry a chorus girl. Is she the kind of a girl you can bring home and introduce to your mother and sister?" Son: "Sure, Mom, but I'd hate to trust her with the old man."

PLAY SAFE The barber was dark and swarthy, and his eyes were black and sparkling. It was evident that he was descended from Latin stock. "What do you think of the Italian situation?" he inquired of the customer. "What is your opinion of Mussolini?" "The same as yours," replied the man in the chair. "But how do you know my opinion," inquired the startled barber. "I don't", admitted the man, "but you have the razor."

CLASS ACTIVITIES Detentions. The previous year MacParland held the leading number of detentions, but this year, two new leaders have shown themselves to be very popular among the teachers. Devine and Lafontaine are running neck and neck. "Who will win? Which one will receive the detention medal for 1940?" It is just a matter of waiting.

XC VOCATIONAL

MR. K. E. THOMSON, C. A. Brown, *Repre.*

What We Should Like To Know

1. Why has Turner such a solemn expression, it wouldn't be love? Or would it?
2. Why has Mr. McCann gone around with a smile on his face the last few days.
3. Why Mr. McCann is so amused by certain writings in S. Daly's books.
4. Who Kernel Turner refers to by C.D.F.A.
5. Mr. McCann—Turner do you wear a hat to school?

Turner—Yes Sir.

Mr. McCann—It's a good thing you use your head for something.

6. If Mr. McCann ever really played the Harmonica?

XC VOCATIONAL

BILL WARNER

Domestic Incident

During housecleaning time Raycraft's wife informed him that he would have to dispose of the remaining whiskey bottles in his basement and this is his story as related to me.

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar and I was ordered to empty the contents of each down the sink, so I started to work.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the sink, except a glass, which I devoured.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank some.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the rest down the sink.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next bottle out of my neck and poured the cork down the sink, all except the sink, which I drank.

I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, which were twenty-four, so I counted them again when they came around again and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came around again I counted them and finally I had all the houses and the bottles counted, and I proceeded to wash the bottles, but I couldn't get the brush in the bottles, so I turned them inside out and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did. Oh, Boy! I've got the wifest little nice in the whole world!

Bill Warner

Song of The Industrials Dedicated to XC Vocational

Chorus:

The form 2C as told to me,
Consists of boys,
Who hope to be,
The leading men of Industry.

Solo: Mr. K. E. T.

"Mechanics as they ought to be!
Repair the cars like A, B, C,
But if the job was left to me,
The cars would run fit to a T." (Chorus)

Solo: Mr. H. W. W.

"We now bring forth our specialities,
Our drafting boys of 2C-E,
Whose excess work when piled on me,
Would be the best of form 2C." (Chorus)

Solo: Mr. R. P.

"The biggest shock that's yet to be,
Is the electrical boys of 2C-D,
Whose completed work when checked by
me,

Is never what it ought to be." (Chorus)

Trio: FOR I'M THE HEAD OF INDUSTRY!
(Chorus)

W. Warner and E. C. Wells

XIB VOCATIONAL

MISS D. DENYES
MR. E. McCANN

JOY KENNEDY,
ANDY REPOL,
Representatives.

Tech-Tattler

During class Mr. McCann removes his coat, shoves off his trusty canoe and paddles fifteen miles (with his shoes off) to prove to G. Cockburn that it is possible to go fifteen and not fifty miles per day in a canoe. For further particulars on the art of paddling apply to Mr. McCann or your local newspaper.

We wish to extend to the boys who left school before Christmas, to take jobs in Quebec and Southern Ontario, the best of luck. May you all advance in position and experience in your chosen trade. To you all from 3A and 3B Vocational.

Mr. McCann: "What was P. G. Wodehouse noted for?"

E. Valenti in stage whisper: "P. & G. Soap."

Mr. McCann (misunderstanding)

"That's correct, stand up and tell it to the class."

Why was Barbara M. W. so anxious to sit next to Grainger in a detention?

Why does B. Fraser continually get in Mr. Thomson's hair? Does he do it just to be a nuisance or maybe he likes to hear Mr. T. talk? He has a wonderful voice as we too well know.

An Eyeful!

A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his apprentice, McGirr in the technique of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, "McGirr, after you have fitted the glasses to a customer and the customer asks, What's the charge? you should say: The charge is ten dollars".

Then pause and watch for the flinch. If the customer does not flinch you say: "That's for the frames, the lenses will be another ten dollars.

Then you pause again, but this time just slightly, and again you watch for the flinch. "If the customer doesn't flinch, you say, "Each."

Mr. Psutka: Jennings, how are your spirits!

Jennings: They're broken.

Mr. Psutka: Broken!

Jennings: Yes sir, they were in my hip pocket.

IIIB Vocational has a certain individual who goes shopping after school hours with a Collegiate girl.

Two pool wizards are not afraid to challenge anyone to a game.

We're afraid McClean is getting short sighted, he hugs Mr. Psutka in basketball, or is it a force of habit.

The Reason:

"A naturalist says in this book that fish have no means of communication".

"Hugh! so that's why they never respond to the lines I drop them!"

Just Good Manners

Mr. McCann: "The horse and the cow is in the field." Andy, will you tell us what is wrong with that sentence?

Andy: I'm not sure Sir, but I think you shoulda mentioned the lady first.

No Trouble at All

"Ever heard this one?" asked Kelly. "A dog was tied to a rope 14 feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that old one," answered Ribout, "you want me to say 'I give up,' and then you'll say. That's what the dog did."

"No, your wrong, Mort, because the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it?"

"The other end of the rope wasn't tied."

Crushie

A female of our group confesses that she is very frightened of crushes in case she should fall for the wrong one, therefore, she evades heart interests. Wisdom among the fairer sex is a rare virtue.

To-Morrow

We were going to be all that a class could be
To-morrow

No class would be better or smarter than we
To-Morrow

The teachers were tired and weary we knew
They'd be glad of some help and deserve it too
On them we would call and see what we could
do

To-morrow.

Each day we stacked up the homework we'd
write

To-morrow

And thought of the teachers we'd fill with de-
light

To-morrow

It was too bad indeed we were busy to-day

And had time only to go out and play

More time we will give to homework we'd say

To-morrow.

Now the greatest of classes we would have been

To-morrow.

We would have been great had we ever seen

To-morrow

But the truth is we quit school and faded from
view

And all that we left there when school days
were thru

Was a mountain of things we'd intended to do

To-morrow.

Teacher: Are cranberries healthy?

Pupil: I don't know. I've never heard them
complain.

A Clean Sweep

Street Cleaner (Jumping from a forty story
building): Dis'll be a swell joke on me buddies!

How True!

'Tis hard to part with those we love
When our hearts are full of hope,
But 'tis harder still to find a towel
When our eyes are full of soap.

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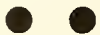
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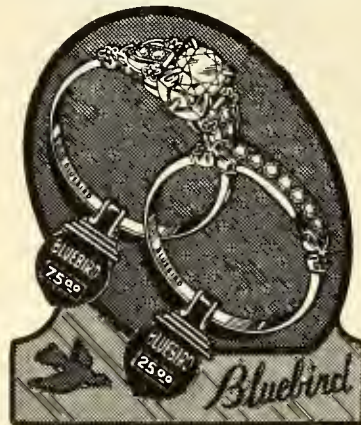
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